

THE "MIRROR" IS GROWING. WHY?

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

Eye-witnesses
Wanted.
See Page 6.

No. 131

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

'APPY 'ARRIETS ON 'APPY 'AMPSTEAD 'EATH.



Easter Monday on Hampstead Heath is a great carnival of mirth and dancing. The traditions of the day were fully observed yesterday. From noon till sunset the Harrys and Harriets, including costermongers in bell-mouthed trousers and pearl buttons, danced deliriously to the strains of the mouth-organ, upon which many are expert performers. Where male partners were not forthcoming the girls danced among themselves. Year in, year out, the dance is always the same—a sort of compromise between a cake-walk and a quadrille. [the "Mirror,"

Photo for]

BALLOONS BOBBING ABOUT THE HEATH.



The days of the water-squirt are numbered by order of the police, and on Hampstead Heath yesterday the merry-makers tormented each other by the less objectionable method of balloon by-play. Whole barrow-loads of these "airy Photo for] nothings" were sold yesterday like the proverbial hot cakes. [the "Mirror,"

THE DELIGHTS OF SHRIEKING.



What is called the "miniature big wheel" attained great popularity on the Heath. Not only juveniles, but adults of both sexes crowded into the cars, which go all the way round, like the wheel at Earl's Court. Half the fun of this form of entertainment consists of shrieking. [the "Mirror,"

Photo for]

FIGHTING IN AFRICA.

Attack on the Nigerian Expedition by Fierce Natives. BRITISH SQUARE BROKEN.

News comes of a disaster in one of our "little wars," which most people had forgotten was in progress. Reuter states that heavy fighting has taken place in Northern Nigeria, in which the British square was broken and many native troops killed. The fighting is reported to have occurred in the Iassa province, where a punitive expedition, organised by Sir Francis Lugard, was led by Captain Terkik. The expedition was directed against the murderers of Captain O'Riordan and Mr. C. Amayt Barney, who, last December, when leading a patrol party through the Bassa province, were ambushed and cut up by a party of the native tribe known as Okopos. The force, led by Captain Merrick, was the Northern Nigerian native regiment, of the West African frontier force. The enemy, says Reuter, rode right through the British and killed and wounded many. None of the European officers, however, were killed. At the Colonial Office yesterday a *Mirror* representative was informed that Reuter's message was probably an amplification by letter of a dispatch which was received from Nigeria some little time back. There has been no report from the punitive expedition for about ten days, when a dispatch related that some rather heavy fighting had occurred. No serious trouble is anticipated, and it is not believed that any fresh outbreak has occurred.

among Pierre Cannibals. The Okopos are one of a number of pagan and cannibal tribes who live in almost inaccessible parts. They are familiar with the use of firearms, but also use poisoned arrows. Their method of warfare is to line the narrow paths through the dense undergrowth and shoot at close range. The murder of Captain O'Riordan and Lieut. Amayt Barney became known last December, when they had organised an expedition against the Okopos without orders from headquarters, and with them some fifty-two men. The two officers were attacked while breakfasting. Lieutenant Amayt Barney was shot through the stomach, but pluckily mounted his horse and fled for some distance with the column until he was shot dead. At dusk Captain O'Riordan was killed by a poisoned arrow and the remainder of the force overwhelmed. The interpreter was captured and led to a tree.

SHELL INFERNO. Terrible Scenes of Bloodshed on a Russian Ship.

A Port Arthur journal, says Reuter, a vivid description is given of the terrible scenes on the Russian ship *Bayan* during the last bombardment of the city. The writer says:—The bursting shells bowled over man after man until the decks were slippery with blood. At this hell the captain stood unmoved in coming tower, calmly telephoning his orders to the captains of the guns. His wonderful coolness had a remarkable influence on all the crew. Although some of the wounded men suffered from lack of food, few groans were heard, in spite of the fact that anaesthetics were administered in great quantities. When the battle ended and the ship began to draw off the officers on the bridge deck. The cheering extended down to the hold, the sailors and even the wounded joining in.

an's Rapid Advance. The Japanese land forces are evidently rapidly advancing to the southern bank of the Yalu. Not only have they occupied Cheng-sang, ten kilometers from the river, but, according to Reuter, entered Wiju at eleven o'clock yesterday morning.

ing a few days ago three thousand Russians were strongly entrenched at Wiju, but, so far from giving up a fight, they appear to have retreated to the river. Simultaneously, ten thousand Japanese soldiers are marching on Yomgampo, which lies at the mouth of the Yalu. It is now said to have 250,000 troops in it, and it is believed they will operate in armies, each nominally of 100,000 men. The second landing will be made west of the mouth of the Yalu, which, it is hoped, will come Russians to abandon the fortifications on the north of the river, with the object of opposing passage of the first Japanese army from Korea. The third landing will be to the east of Newgung, and it is anticipated that these three great divisions will operate in conjunction, the army swinging eastward from Newgung, or cutting the railway, and then engaging in a driving movement against the main Russian force.

the's Forces. The Japanese land forces appear to be concentrated in Newgung, Newyang, and Hanchen, and in Mukden, and in these directions there will be a strenuous struggle for possession of the highest quarters it is rumored that the Japanese and Admiral Alexeiev disagree on essentials in the plan of campaign. The Admiral appears to be desirous of taking rapid action, while the Japanese claims to be solely responsible for the operations.

PRINCES LOCKED OUT.

FUTURE KING UNABLE TO ENTER WINDSOR CASTLE.

Prince Edward and Prince Albert, the two bonnie little sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales, found themselves locked out of Windsor Castle yesterday. They went for a ride on their dapper little ponies in the morning, and, after cantering in Windsor Great Park, went into Park-street to see the holiday-makers. They then returned to the Long Walk, and attempted to enter the Castle grounds by the gateway near the Sovereign's entrance. They had a bunch of keys, and every key was tried, but none would fit the lock. The dilemma seemed greatly to amuse the little Princes, the future King of England smiling frequently at being locked out of the home of the Sovereigns of England. The lock could not be turned, and, after staying for some time before the great gateway, the Princes trotted off, laughing heartily at the incident. The royal boys then went to Frogmore by way of the entrance further down the Long Walk. The little Princes have a winning manner, and the scene of their waiting in vain outside the Castle gate would have made an excellent subject for a painter. Yesterday afternoon the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian drove from Frogmore into Windsor to view the crowds of holiday-makers in the streets, and seemed delighted with the orderly character of the thousands of visitors. Their Royal Highnesses were almost unrecognised.

ARRESTED IN BED.

Long Tramp by Governor's Alleged Assailant.

George Arthur Ritson, who is alleged to have shot his former sweetheart, Miss Florence Royle, on Tooting Common, was arrested in bed at his mother's house in Moss Side, Manchester, early yesterday morning.

The Manchester police had received instructions to be on the look out for Ritson, and a sergeant on duty in Alexandra-road yesterday morning observed a man trudging wearily along the pavement, about three hundred yards in front of him, followed. The man, however, turned into Gaythorpe-street, and had disappeared when the officer reached the turning.

The sergeant walked to No. 23, where Ritson resided with his mother, and remained in the immediate vicinity for a few minutes. Soon afterwards Ritson's brother came out of the front door, and the sergeant, looking confident that it was the man he was looking for who had entered the house, questioned the brother and found that his surmise was correct. The younger Ritson added that his brother had gone upstairs to bed.

Having reason to believe that George Ritson had a revolver in his possession, the sergeant allowed a revolver to him, and he then asked for the front door to be opened. The younger Ritson did this, and pointed to the bedroom wherein his brother was lying.

Caught Sleeping.

The officer, Sergeant Clarke, entered, and instantly secured Ritson, who was asleep. He was fully dressed, and in his hip-pocket a six-chambered revolver was found, and one barrel held a discharged cartridge. A preparation which is stated to have contained poison was found in another pocket.

The prisoner was brought to London during yesterday, and will be charged before the South-Western Police Court magistrate to-day. Ritson, who appeared dazed and indifferent to his position, had no money in his possession when he was arrested. From the appearance of his trousers and boots, which were new when he left the north for London, there is little doubt that he had walked back from London.

KING EDWARD'S EASTER MONDAY.

The King spent an interesting day at Copenhagen yesterday. He received the leading members of the Royal Rifle Club, and consented to become a member. The club already includes several crowned heads. The delighted members presented Queen Alexandra with a bouquet. His Majesty afterwards inspected some new workmen's dwellings.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

The Countess of Warwick on Sunday gave birth to a daughter at Warwick House, St. James's. Yesterday the Countess was reported to be going on satisfactorily.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

NONCONFORMIST'S VIEW OF THE TIBET SLAUGHTER.

"A political blunder, and an offence against morality and Christian ethics." Such was the condemnation of the Tibet expedition uttered by the Rev. F. B. Meyer at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge-road, on Sunday evening.

Yesterday Mr. Meyer, in conversation with a *Mirror* representative, amplified his views.

"The expedition," he said, "is a grave political blunder, for, in the first place, it is a terrible mistake to seek to extend our frontier beyond the inaccessible and impassable mountains. There are we practically impregnable. At Lhasa there will be no such natural barrier. And I am afraid there is little doubt that Lhasa is our objective."

"In the second place, rightly or wrongly, we are rousing the suspicions of Russia. And naturally enough, for we are trying to undermine her influence. Where this will land us no one knows."

"Then look at the moral aspect of the question. By what right do we send an expedition into Tibet? It is an outrage."

Reminded that the expedition was a peaceful one, having for its object merely the confirmation of the 1890 Convention, Mr. Meyer exclaimed, "I wish I could think so, but I fear our aim is territorial. We shall insist on a Resident in Lhasa, and the next step—an inevitable one—is a protectorate. And we have no more right to Lhasa than Ahub had to Naboth's vineyard."

"THE PITY OF IT."

"And oh! the shame and the pity of slaughtering these men, who, after all, were simply protecting their own homeland. You tell me it was done in self-defence, and so far as the first volley of our men is concerned I have nothing to say. But when we had defended ourselves, and, moreover, shown the Tibetans what we could do, if that be necessary—and perhaps (sadly) from one point of view it is—then we must needs go on and charge the retreating mass. They called it a brilliant charge. He exclaimed bitterly, "I say it is nothing more than a charge of a flock of sheep."

"These difficulties arise mainly from the enormous power given to our pro-Consuls. Lord Milner stated recently that he didn't care twopenny for the opinion of people so far away as we are in England. Both he and Lord Curzon have more power than the House of Commons must see to it that these men are kept in their place as its agents, and not allowed to behave as autocrats."

The Mission's Progress.

Reuter says the mission, with the flying column, left Gura yesterday afternoon. Colonel Younghusband was visited by a Chinese General from Lhasa, who made the usual request that the mission should withdraw.

THIRTY YEARS IN A CELLAR.

Female Recluse Reads Papers to Her Pets.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.) VIENNA, Monday.

For thirty years a woman who has just died at Liebhartsplatz, near Vienna, has lived in an underground cellar, her only companions being three cats and a dog. During all this time, the only human being who ever saw her was a neighbouring shopkeeper, who kept her supplied with food, and also with newspapers.

Every day the old recluse could be heard reading the newspaper to the cats and the dog, addressing them, and commenting on the news as if her auditors were human beings. When she came across an account of a murder or a robbery, she would read it aloud, and then addressing her pets, say:—"Be glad you are only animals. Ye know nothing of the wickedness of mankind."

This strange being had known once another life, in more luxurious surroundings. Her father was a distinguished officer, who fought in the war with Napoleon, while her grandfather had a post in the household of Emperor Francis I.

She herself had been present at a Court ball at Luxembourg given on the occasion of the marriage of the present Emperor, and had danced with Prince Lobkowitz and Count Thun. She had about this time loved someone whom she could not marry, and had suffered so much that even the recollection of it made her almost crazy.

She withdrew from her former circle and spent her lonely hours lavishly on benevolent objects (all was gone, since when a small monthly sum was sent her by an unknown prince).

On Saturday morning she was heard, as usual, talking to her animals, but at mid-day she was found lying dead on her bed. She was nearly ninety years old.

PERSONAL.

MINORE.—Letter received: replying next week. H.—All safe. Boy goes Tuesday. P. paid, thanks.—H. A.—Entered greetings to you. May all your wishes be granted.

PEARL.—Will do what you say on the conditions proposed. Surely you won't refuse?—PINKY.

NARCISSES.—Could you oblige with photo woman wearing hat?—LIZ.—I do not know UNBELIEVER?

KITTEN.—Things generally are about same. Hope soon to have opportunity to see you, but my love will always remain for you alone.

PHILOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—William Moore Testimonial.—Ourselves to contribute to a testimonial to be presented to the Hon. Secretary of the Testimonial Committee. W. E. Peterson, 7, Donovan-avenue, Murrell-burg.

MR. REWARD.—Lost, a small diamond heart pendant, on a chain, set in 18, 16, and 24 pt. gold. Found on 27, Stanhope-gardens, and Gloucester-road Station, or in Wimbledon, please bring to your care or Richmond, going to Turnham-green, and to 15, Woodstock-road. Anyone returning same to 47, Stanhope-gardens, will receive the above reward.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 7 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after—Address Advertisements Manager, "Mirror", 4, Carnarvon-street, London.

HOLIDAY DEATH TOLL.

Rash Yachtsman Meets a Tragic End.

PAINFUL RIVER SCENE.

A painful yachting disaster occurred in the River Mersey, at Eastham, yesterday. For several days four members of the Transmere Sailing Club had been cruising up and down the river in the Seagull, and yesterday anchored between the Eastham Pier and Job's Ferry. Two of the party attempted to land by means of a small punt, but when being pushed off it was caught broadside by the sluice-like onrush of the tide, and capsized.

One of the men jumped out and was saved, but his companion, a young man named Lionel Hughes, aged twenty-five, stayed in the boat till it sank beneath him. Although a good swimmer, he soon became exhausted, and as he was carried past the Eastham landing-stage was too helpless to take hold of the lifebelt which a stageman threw practically over his head.

Companion Rescued.

Soon his red Tam-o'-Shanter cap disappeared high up the river, and that was the last that was seen of him. His companion was not rescued without a struggle lasting ten minutes. The captain of the boat, Mr. Malin, threw out a line to him when he rose in the water, and this he succeeded in seizing. He retained his hold, but was unconscious when dragged aboard.

Not long ago two other members of the Transmere Club were drowned whilst yachting in the Mersey, and on Saturday morning two yachtsmen were rescued by a lifeboat just in the Channel. The dangers of the eddies and tides of the river are underestimated by yachtsmen, and on Sunday night one of the ferry men pleaded hard to restrain the daring of those aboard the Seagull, amongst whom was the deceased, in putting out in face of a swift tide.

Serious Motor Smash.

At Hastings a collision between a motor-car and wagonette led to considerable damage, but was unaccompanied by loss of life. It occurred on Sunday afternoon at Bachelor's Bump, a sharp corner in the road from Rye to Hastings. The spot is a dangerous one, and was on a previous Bank Holiday the scene of a fatality to a cyclist. The wagonette contained a party, consisting of Mr. George Sims, a Rye newsagent, who is a cripple; Mrs. Sims; their baby, aged three months; their boy, Victor Sims; a little girl, named Baker; and a nurse, Miss Budden.

The wagonette had just turned the corner at Bachelor's Bump, when the occupants heard the motor coming from behind. Mr. Sims pulled well to the side of the road, but the motor was evidently beyond control, for its occupants jumped out and immediately there was a smash, the wagonette being hurled over, and most of its occupants thrown violently out. Mr. Sims clung to his seat as he received no injury, but Mrs. Sims was seriously hurt, the car going over her back and also cutting her head. The nurse and the boy and girl were severely shaken, and the baby was picked up unconscious.

Car Escapes Injury.

The occupants of the motor escaped with a shaking, and the car itself was only slightly damaged in front, and proceeded on its way after temporary repairs. Mrs. Sims was the worst sufferer, and she was carried to a neighbouring house, where she was attended. The wagonette is said to have been on the proper side of the road. It was thrown into a fence, which was smashed.

Inquiries made yesterday at the Harrow Cottage Hospital show that the whole of the persons who were admitted to the institution on Sunday suffering from injuries received in the serious motor-car accident on Grove Hill, Harrow, are making satisfactory progress, and no serious complications are expected.

The scene of Sunday's accident was visited yesterday by a large number of people. It is understood that the attention of the local authority under whose jurisdiction the Grove Hill-road comes will be drawn to the necessity for some stringent regulations governing traffic on this particularly dangerous road.

Killed by a Toy Pistol.

At Mashbury (Essex) yesterday afternoon Leonard Pannell, aged eleven, the son of a labourer, was accidentally killed by a bullet from a toy pistol.

The lad, his brother Alfred, aged twenty, and a boy named Windley, were amusing themselves by shooting with the pistol, which had been fixed into the breech of a wooden toy gun. The sight of the weapon was formed by a piece of string tied round the barrel, and while Windley, to whom the pistol belonged, was cutting the loop end of the string the weapon unexpectedly went off. The bullet pierced young Pannell's heart.

Railway Mishap.

At Glasgow, yesterday afternoon—when the Glasgow spring holiday traffic was specially heavy—a train jumbled the points and tore up the permanent way. A locomotive coming in the opposite direction was caught by the derailed wagons, with the result that both lines were blocked. The driver and fireman of the locomotive remained at their post after the "smash" and shut off steam, escaping with only slight injuries.

Sailing Fatality.

Captain E. W. Harvey, dock-master at Avonmouth, was out sailing yesterday in a small boat off Portland with some friends from Clifton, when he was struck and rebuffed by the boom, and disappeared whilst attempting to swim ashore.

Mr. Chamberlain has arrived at Taormina, Italy. He will leave on Wednesday for Naples.

Princess Victoria landed from the royal yacht at Kingswear yesterday afternoon, and enjoyed a short walk.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Increasing South-westerly winds, a gale by night; cloudy and mild; fair at first, becoming rainy later.

Lighting-up time: 7.38 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to rough generally; tempestuous in the Irish Channel by night.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Japanese troops have occupied Wiju, and another force is marching on Yonghampho, at the mouth of the Yalu. Unsan is reported to have been seized by Cossacks, who forestalled the Japanese marching from Chong-ju. (Page 2.)

A special message states that the Tibetan mission has arrived at Guru. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, who considers the mission an offence against morality and Christian ethics, has explained to a *Mirror* representative his reason for that opinion. (Page 2.)

Returning from a ride Prince Edward and Prince Albert, the youthful sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales, found themselves locked out of Windsor Castle. They were much amused at the incident. (Page 2.)

Several fresh holiday accidents are reported. At Hastings a number of persons were injured through a motor-car and waggone colliding, and in London quite a number of casualties received treatment at the various hospitals. (Page 2.)

London enjoyed Bank Holiday in its own particular way, outdoor attractions being more popular than ever. No less than 125,000 persons visited Hampstead Heath. There were 60,000 visitors to Hampton Court, and only 5,000 less to Richmond Park. (Page 5.)

Reuter reports heavy fighting in the Bassa province of Northern Nigeria, in which the British square was broken, and many native troops killed. (Page 2.)

The young man Ritson, who is alleged to have shot at and wounded his sweetheart, the Tooting Common, has been arrested at Manchester, and will be charged at the South-Western Police Court to-day. (Page 2.)

Authorities at Southampton are objecting to finding prison room for stowaways from the Cape, whose numbers have of late shown a decided increase. (Page 3.)

Our St. Petersburg correspondent sends an amusing story concerning a mistake made in an advertisement relating to dogs wanted for military purposes. (Page 9.)

To-day's wedding is that of the Rev. Cyril Allington, a Master at Eton, to Miss Hester Lutellon, a sister of the Colonial Secretary. (Page 10.)

Marked success attended the first annual show of the Van Horse Society, held yesterday in Regent's Park. (Page 5.)

Extraordinary hostility towards a murderer was shown at a New Horse Society court. The Tooting law of the victim felled accused with a blow from his fist, the murdered man's son afterwards cutting the prisoner's head open with a stone thrown from the witness-box. (Page 6.)

No fresh fact has come to light respecting the mystery attending the death of a young woman, recently married under romantic circumstances, at Birkenhead. The inquest opens to-day. (Page 3.)

Mr. Harry Hunter has explained to the *Mirror* the history of the Mohawk Moore and Burgess Minstrels, whose connection with St. James's Hall closes on April 9. (Page 1.)

Risks run by war correspondents in order to get news through are detailed in an article, together with special portraits. (Page 11.)

One feature of the Easter Holidays has been the appearance on the river of the Winifred, a passenger steamer licensed to carry 300. She is out between Greenwich and London Bridge. (Page 4.)

So far the body of a man found in a drinking pool near Callon Moor, Staffordshire, under mysterious circumstances, has not been identified. (Page 6.)

A Hackney widow, who died from excessive drinking, pawned her home in order to satisfy her craving for "four ale." (Page 6.)

Birmingham magistrates have remanded a boy of fifteen named Lee accused of having stabbed his mother to death with a knife. (Page 6.)

Mr. W. R. Hearst, the millionaire journalist, who is to run as a candidate for the American Presidency, has had a career similar in several respects to that of Mr. Roosevelt. (Page 9.)

The method by which carrier pigeons are trained for use in warfare is described in an article, accompanied by special illustrations. (Page 8.)

At Halifax a woman found with her throat cut is supposed to have first ended the life of her child, who was later discovered with similar injuries in an upstairs room. (Page 6.)

Mr. Arthur Roberts reappeared at the Palace Theatre last evening in a sketch entitled "Packing Up." (Page 7.)

Signs are not wanting that the coming London season will be one of great brilliancy. (Page 7.)

In all there were five race meetings yesterday, the most interesting being those at Kempton Park and Manchester. The Queen's Prize at Kempton was won by Ypsilanti, and the Lancashire Steeplechase, the chief event at Manchester, by Lord James. (Page 14.)

To-day's Arrangements.

Welsh National Conference on Education, at Llandrindod.
Royal Horticultural Society: Fruit and Flower Show, 1. Lecture on "Villa Gardens," by Mr. H. P. C. Maule, 3.
National Association of Manual Training Teachers: Conference at St. Leonard's, 3.
Conservative meeting, at Scarborough.
Anglo-Russian Literary Society: Paper on "Twenty-five years in Russia," by Mr. W. Barnes Stevens, Imperial Institute, 4.
Racing: Manchester, Newcastle, Croxton Park, Warwick.

CAPE STOWAWAYS.

Southampton Objects to Find Prison Room.

Unsettled conditions in South Africa are responsible for the number of stowaways who, week after week, are landed at Southampton from the Cape liners.

One of the results of the present situation is that every ship that arrives from the Cape carries numbers of miners, mechanics, and artisans who have lived in South Africa for years, but yet, through the lack of employment, find it better and cheaper to

MUSIC PIRACY.

Police Helpless Until the Law is Altered.

During last month the agents of the Musical Copyright Association, acting for all the leading music publishers, seized 60,633 pieces of pirated music and 174 zinc plates, which were being used to print thirty-eight pianoforte pieces and songs.

This brings the grand total of pirated pieces seized by the association, since it commenced its labours some eighteen months ago, to nearly 1,300,000. But the record haul was made last

A TYPICAL GHURKA.



The reputation of the Ghurka as a fighter has spread all over the world. Like the Highlander, he likes close quarters, and is a dangerous foeman with the cold steel.

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist)

return to this country and live here until the labour troubles in South Africa are settled.

It is not surprising with such a state of things that there should be a large number of stowaways. After the war thousands of young men—many of whom threw up their employment here—joined in the rush to South Africa, believing it to be the Eldorado of the future. What it will be in the

Christmas Eve, when 78,988 copies were found in a railway arch at Hackney.

The need for the Copyright Bill which is now passing through the Committee stage in Parliament is only too obvious, for despite the enormous loss such seizures must mean to the music pirate, he is still busy turning out cheap copies by the hundred thousand.

And it is practically impossible, as the law stands at present, to place any check upon him. When the agents of the association and the police made their last raid, a few days ago, they found the printing presses in Clerkenwell busily at work, and three men in charge of them producing cheap copies of copyright music. The work of a dozen of our most popular composers, including that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Leslie Stuart, Edward German, Stephen Adams, and Sidney Jones, was being printed there. The copyrights belonged to various well-known firms of music publishers. There were two thousand copies already printed, and paper and plates to print twenty thousand more.

But the police and the association agents were practically helpless. All they could do was to



BOY NURSE IN JAPAN, who carries his baby brother on his back about the streets as a matter of course. The baby looks more secure than comfortable.

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.)

future can only be speculated upon, but the situation at present is such that a large percentage of these young men, sooner than walk about the streets of Cape Town unemployed and starving, will seize any chance of getting back to England, where they at least have friends.

How terrible the straits are that will drive them to become stowaways is shown by the fact that they face, not only the hard work which is allotted to them when their presence on board ship is discovered, but also the prospect of a month's imprisonment when they land at Southampton. At the Cape every home bound ship is searched thoroughly for stowaways before she leaves for England, and any member of the crew detected assisting a stowaway is liable to have the price of a passage deducted from his wages. But, in spite of these precautions, as many as eleven stowaways have been discovered on one ship, and so numerous have they been in the aggregate that the ratepayers of Southampton are now objecting to having them imprisoned in that town, and so becoming a charge on the rates.

GIRL BRIDE'S DEATH.

Romantic Marriage and Its Mysterious End.

The Birkenhead police have discovered no further clues which can enlighten the jury who to-day sit to inquire into the strange fate of Frances Dolores Lee, the young wife whose dead body was found under extraordinary circumstances in a lake in the Birkenhead Park on Sunday.

Her husband, Alfred Harris Lee, to whom she became married under romantic circumstances six weeks ago, is still detained by the police. Lee is a son of a late vector of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and had been apprenticed to a firm of timber merchants, but joined the Army and left the colours as a reservist, afterwards becoming a builder's clerk.

Within the last six months he met the deceased, who became deeply infatuated with him, and when in February last her father, Mr. J. W. Barker, who is also engaged in the building trade, refused to sanction the marriage the couple ran away.

The police were informed and a search instituted all over the country, but after several days the girl, who was but eighteen years of age, wrote to say that they were married. Mr. Barker thereupon decided to make the best of matters, and invited the couple to live with him.

The Beginning of Trouble.

Recently, however, Lee lost his employment and took lodgings in Liverpool, and his wife began to work in a tobacconist's shop. She met her husband on Saturday, and they went together to Birkenhead.

In an interview yesterday, Mr. Barker, the father of the deceased, described the pathetic midnight search which he made for his daughter in Birkenhead Park. It was after eleven o'clock on Saturday night when Lee came to his house and asked if his wife had come home. On being told that she had not done so, he began wringing his hands in agony and cried, "Where is she? Oh, where is Dolly?"

Then he explained that he had lost her in the park, and Mr. Barker went back with him to seek her. Lee pointed out the gate, nearly seven feet high, which he said his wife scaled whilst he was standing a little distance away. Once over she ran off, and was soon lost to sight, he said.

The father and the husband also climbed over, and, wandering over the extensive park, mingled their voices in cries of "Dolly."

A bunch of daffodils was found, which Lee said the girl was taking home to her mother, and, further, they came across the tam-o'-shanter hat of the deceased in the shrubbery near the lake. It was only when daybreak dawned and the assistance of the police was obtained that the body of the deceased was found in the deep part of the lake, near by the boathouse, to which in happier days Mrs. Lee had directed the attention of her mother, when walking through the park, as the resting-place for "All," her husband, and herself. It is remarkable, in the face of the deceased having climbed a ft. iron gate, that her mackintosh cloak was buttoned down to the feet. A post-mortem examination is being made on the body.

SURREY VICAR'S SAD END.

The Rev. Ernest Murray Robinson, Vicar of Merton, Surrey, was found dead in bed with his throat cut and with a razor by his side at a house in Brighton on Sunday night, where he had been staying with his wife.

He had recently undergone a severe operation, and had been suffering from depression. He married in 1900 a sister of the present Lord Inverclyde.

KAISER AND THE NUNS.

The Kaiser "en route" manifests the same kindly characteristics which have gained for him the adoration of many of his humbler subjects at home.

Before leaving the Hohenzollern to betake himself to Taormina, his Imperial Majesty heard that two sisters of mercy were on board collecting alms for a charity. The Kaiser sought out the nuns, made friendly inquiry as to the object of their

A BRIGHT DAY AT BRIGHTON.



During the Easter holidays Brighton has lived up to its reputation as "London-by-the-Sea." The population must have been at least trebled by the influx of visitors.

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.)

seize the printed copies and the plates. The machinery was hired and the men, refusing to say who they were working for, could not be detained. If the owner of the material seized comes forward to claim them he can be proceeded against, but that he is not likely to do.

10,000 MOTORISTS TO COMPETE.

The Automobile Association of America has just made arrangements for the greatest motor run ever held. Two thousand five hundred cars from all the principal cities of the United States will take part, and ten thousand motorists will compete.

appeal, and delighted their hearts by presenting them with a huge black mark.

The Emperor William at noon yesterday received a deputation of the ladies of Messina. His Majesty in the afternoon went for a drive in the neighbourhood, and was enthusiastically cheered by a large crowd of spectators.

Last evening fire broke out in a range of buildings owned by the Beulah Laundry, South Lambeth-road, and before the flames were subdued the premises were practically gutted. Between 500 and 600 workpeople will be thrown out of employment.

DAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

When Mohawk Niggers Leave
Their Classic Piccadilly House.

April 9 will be a sad day to lovers of minstrelsy. On that day the Mohawk-Moore and Burgess Minstrels close their connection with St. James's Hall. The remaining eighteen years of their life has been bought out, and London, at any rate, for the present, will know them no more. Interviewed by a *Mirror* representative, the present chief, Mr. Harry Hunter, gave the history of the concern briefly as follows:—

"In 1868 I started a troupe known as the Manhattan Minstrels. Mr. Francis, my present partner, instituted almost at the same time the Mohawk Minstrels. In 1873, finding we were cutting each other's throats, we amalgamated, and under the name of the Mohawk Minstrels opened at the Agricultural Hall. There we played till 1900, when we bought the goodwill of the old Moore and Burgess, of the St. James's Hall.

"They, by the way, are spread about the country. Their musical conductor, for instance, is now wielding the baton at the Canterbury Music Hall.

"We carried on their business as the Mohawk-Moore and Burgess Minstrels.

"For a long time at the Agricultural Hall I was one of the corner men. Then, one day I had to go into the 'chair,' and proved such an excellent

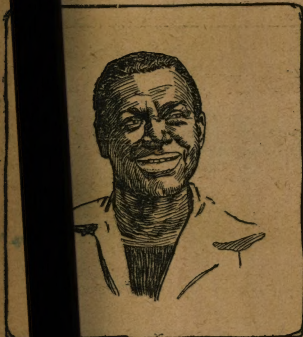


MR. HARRY JENNINGS,
Manager of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, that have entered on their last at the St. James's Hall, is the greatest actor-manager in London.

[Photo by the London Stereoscopic Coy.]

the corner men's witticisms—all of which I have myself—that there I had to remain. I have had some interesting experiences. I remember, one at the '87 Jubilee' easily of the palm.

"I had a thousand school children had been in the park. I extended the invitation to all who cared to do so to come to my performance. I little knew what I was doing when I came to the morning several thousand children were coming round the Hall. They climbed the railings, invaded the stage, and clamoured for my attention. This was at 11 o'clock. I was



JOHNNY DANVERS,
of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels who always had a merry in the corner of his eye.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photo by W. Davey.]

terrible we should have an accident; so I sent a man and buns, and the whole staff was occupied for an hour or more in trying to quiet them.

"We had the milk out with spoons, cups, bottles, or anything we could find. Finally I poured 5,000 into the room for the first time, and so on the stage. They were packed in a bottle."

Yesterday afternoon Gilbert Albert Smith, of 5, Gales Road, The Grove, Wandsworth Common, was in an insensible condition on the wedding station, with a wrecked car. He is detained at the Croydon Hospital, suffering from cerebral concussion, contusions, and lacerations.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

The British steamer *Clan Macaulay* has been towed into Durham with her shaft broken.

To console herself for the loss of her kittens, a cat at Bury, Somerset, is bringing up three rabbits.

Boys will be interested to know that one of the chief merits of the sunflower is that the large leaves make excellent food for rabbits.

Dr. Sheldon, of Madison, Wisconsin, declares appendicitis to be of microbic origin, and contagious.

By selling rags to America an immense fortune was amassed by the father of Miss Sarah Davis, who died on Good Friday at Scrocola, Trieste.

In 1881 there were only 925 aliens in Bethnal Green; but in 1901 they had increased to 4,634.

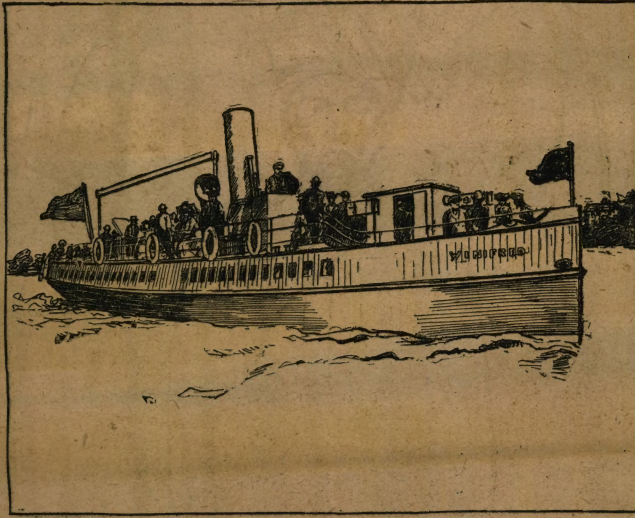
Over 100 delegates attended the twelfth annual conference of the Independent Labour Party at Cardiff yesterday.

Flowers were placed on the grave of Oliver Goldsmith in the Temple yesterday, to mark the 130th anniversary of the poet's death.

Within the last two days thirteen smallpox patients have been removed to hospital at Leicester.

The Porte, which has already prohibited the sale of picture postcards bearing views of mosques, religious objects of any kind, and portraits of

THE SOLITARY THAMES STEAMER WINIFRED.



By private enterprise the steamboat *Winifred* plied on the river between Greenwich and London Bridge on Good Friday, and will continue through the summer, making occasional voyages to Kew. The *Winifred* may be hired by private parties.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

She has bequeathed her inherited fortune to the town of Trieste.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe arrived at Victoria yesterday evening from Paris.

"Wigton's Hercules," a temperance lecturer, named Haney, dragged a barrow weighing eight hundredweight up a hill in that town to show his strength.

Through a train running into a signal-box at New-street Railway Station, Birmingham, yesterday morning, the mouth of the tunnel was blocked, and traffic on one line delayed for several hours.

During a hurricane which swept over Monte Video yesterday morning the steamer *Otterspool* and the Italian barque *Angela Acame* were driven ashore, and considerable damage was done to property on land.

LONDON'S ONE-SHIP FLEET.

Solitary Passenger Steamer Appears to Enliven the Thames.

The Easter holidays of 1904 will long be famous for the fact that a passenger steamer has appeared upon the Thames.

The *Winifred*, this venturesome boat, made her London debut on Good Friday, from Greenwich to the Temple Pier and Kew.

Yesterday she also made the trip to Kew, but in future she will travel regularly backwards and forwards between Greenwich and the Old Swan Pier at London Bridge.

The *Winifred* is a comparatively large boat for river work, being over 100 feet long, and licensed to carry 300 passengers. She is also a new departure from the old paddle-wheel steamers which used to snort and worry on the bosom of old Father Thames, for she is a twin-screw boat, and has a speed of eleven knots, though she is not likely to use it.

Her engines can also be controlled from the bridge by the steersman, an exceedingly useful arrangement on such a traffic-laden highway as the Thames.

Below are two saloons—a refreshment saloon forward and a comfortable ladies' saloon aft. On deck there are cushioned seats for 150 passengers, and so roomy is the *Winifred* that even then there is plenty of room to walk about.

On Wednesdays and Thursdays the *Winifred* will not run her usual course, but will be open for engagement by private parties who wish to go sightseeing on the Thames. At the present the Lower Thames, one of the most interesting parts of London, has been quite overlooked, owing, probably, to the utter impossibility of getting at it, but in future the *Winifred* will be available to explore the busy shipping quarters. She will also be able to make up-river trips to Hampton Court, and above, as her draught can easily be reduced to four feet.

Eight Greek brigands, who infest the neighbourhood of Salonika, European Turkey, met last week at the Grove, Wandsworth Common, and begged him to give them absolution, a request which he did not see his way to refuse. Having been duly absolved, they kissed his hand and departed. The same night (says *Reuters*) they shot dead a peasant who had put the gendarmes on their track.

Turkish women, has now included views of palaces and gardens in this list of forbidden subjects.

Repeated slight shocks of earthquakes were felt at Belgrade yesterday morning.

The King has been pleased to appoint Mr. Herbert F. Manisty, K.C., to be Recorder of Rotherham, in place of Mr. Harold Thomas, resigned.

Councillor F. C. Mills has withdrawn his offer of £4,000 for swimming baths at Ratcliff, owing to the dilatoriness of the Stepney Borough Council in accepting it.

To help the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women, the Duchess of Albany has given her patronage to a horticultural bazaar to be held to-morrow and Thursday at Fetcham Lodge, Leatherhead.

THE MEN WHO MADE MILLIONS LAUGH.



The Moore and Burgess Minstrels retire from St. James's Hall on Monday next, to the sincere regret of all who love a good laugh. This is assuredly no laughing matter. It is a sad ending to a merry career.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

LADY MINTO IN DANGER.

Government House, Ottawa, was the scene of a fire early on Sunday morning, and Lady Minto, who was confined to her room by her recent accident, had to be hurriedly removed from the building on a stretcher to a place of safety.

Firemen worked energetically for several hours before the outbreak was subdued, and the greater half of the building was damaged, the loss being estimated at about £5,000.

Fortunately, Lady Minto's rooms were not touched by the flames, and she was afterwards carried back, not much the worse for the consequent excitement.

3,000 SCHOOL TEACHERS AT PORTSMOUTH.

At the National Union of Teachers' Conference, held at Portsmouth yesterday, and attended by 3,000 teachers, Mr. Sharples, the president, said the Education Act commended itself to all moderate people.

A vote of sympathy was passed to the relatives of the victims of the submarine disaster, and twenty-five guineas voted to the relief fund.

CROSSING THE R. A. DAIS.

The One Word Which Seals a Picture's Fate.

The days of sending in pictures to Burlington House are over, and the preparations for the Royal Academy's annual show are afoot. The period extending from Sending-in Day to Vanishing Day is almost entirely devoted to this. The pictures are passed in review before the Selection Committee, and those that are found wanting in artistic merit are quickly set aside, while others whose fate hangs in the balance are considered and reconsidered until all the available wall space is certain of being covered.

The Selection Committee consists of twelve members, and the President has the casting vote, which is very rarely used. As all forms of art are represented in the Royal Academy the Selection Committee is made up of seven painters, two sculptors, two architects, and one engraver. It is a rule that the two junior R.A.'s have a place on the committee.

In the old days, when anyone could send in eight pictures, the number received would vary from ten thousand to fifteen thousand pictures, of all sizes and on all subjects.

As the pictures arrive they are placed in the basement, and every day while the Selecting Committee sits—and it sits until all the pictures have been seen—a certain number are taken upstairs in a great lift working to the vestibule, and are stacked many deep along the two sides of the galleries set apart for them.

The Semi-Circle of Judges.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the first day the Selection Committee, headed by the President, and accompanied by the secretary, assemble in the large room, Gallery III., and begin their work. Chairs are placed for them round a semi-circle. The President sits in the centre, with the painters next to him in the order of their seniority.

Then come the sculptors, the architects, and the engraver, who have as full a right to discuss the pictures as the painters, but, by an unwritten law, they generally leave the decision, as far as the canvases are concerned, to their colleagues; and their colleagues, for the most part, defer to their judgment in their own particular spheres. On the extreme left of the semi-circle is a table, at which the secretary sits with his note-book, in which to make such records as are necessary. In the hollow of the semi-circle is a dais, on which the pictures are placed so that the committee can readily see them.

There is a tradition handed down that the late President, Sir John Millais, used to give any friends new to the committee a word of advice to "take a thick overcoat with you and a heavy rug, for you will need it, I can tell you, as the draught is enough to blow your head off."

Workmen as Critics.

The president gives the word, and thirty or forty workmen start, each with a picture in his hands, to go across the dais. Thousands of pictures among those sent in are works of such crudeness that even the workmen are unable to repress a smile, and their late is sealed almost before the judgment begins. As the workman reaches the middle of the dais the president, or one of the committee, utters the one word "Cross." The man crosses, and the fate of the picture is sealed. Occasionally so many of these bad pictures come together that the president will say, "Cross until we tell you to stop," and the men go across the dais in pretty rapid order, one per second having been counted. Suddenly someone cries "Stop!" and

the workman pauses. "Anyone else want it?" asks the President. "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," exclaim two or three, "noting its good points as only trained eyes can." "Is it good enough to accept outright?" then asks the President. The members vote and if the opinion is largely in its favour it is marked with an "A," meaning accepted.

If the opinion is not sufficiently favourable—even if nobody else wants it, the President will turn to the Academician who stopped it, and say, "Do you want it very much?" If the reply is in the affirmative the President says, "We'll give it a 'D.'" The workman marks it with that letter which means Doubtful, and it is taken into the room set apart for the doubtful pictures in order that it may have a second opportunity of being seen when all the "A's" have been selected.

Frank Farmer, aged thirty-four, residing at Coburg-street, Dorset-road, Clapham, whilst driving a dog-cart yesterday was hurled into the roadway through colliding with a tram-car near Vauxhall-road, Brixton-road. He was subsequently taken to St. Thomas's Hospital in an unconscious condition suffering from concussion.

BANK HOLIDAY-MAKERS UNDISMAYED BY "UMBRELLA" WEATHER.

Hampstead Heath as Usual Was the Scene of the Principal Sacrifice to the Shrine of St. Lubbock.

The showers which the weather prophets said would fall on the preceding days all arrived yesterday. In London and all the surrounding districts it rained heavily at frequent intervals. It was emphatically an umbrella day and most trying for holiday-makers.

But between the showers the sun shone brightly, and Londoners, scorning the rain, made the most of their holiday. The early morning sunshine brought everyone out. Before eight o'clock all the great London termini were besieged by trippers, and the holiday resorts round London must have had something like a record number of visitors.

Popular Trams.

A huge crowd assembled at Kempton to see the racing, and the electric trams from Shepherd's Bush to Kew and Richmond were taxed to the utmost to carry the thousands who sought these places. Windsor and Hampton Court were thronged by sightseers all day long, and on the other side of the town Rosherville Gardens had a large number of visitors.

But the largest crowds were in places nearer the metropolis. The Londoner, when on holiday-making bent, always favours the resorts near at hand, and a well-founded distrust of what yesterday's weather might be made the home pleasure-resorts even more in favour than usual.

The following figures give a rough idea of how the holiday was spent round London:—

Hampstead Heath	125,000
Hampton Court	80,000
Richmond Park	55,000
Crystal Palace	87,000
Kew Gardens	60,000
Alexandra Palace	75,000
Tower of London	15,031
Windsor Castle	10,000
Hampton Court Palace	16,787
South Kensington Museums	14,080
Stambury Park	15,000
Waterloo Park	13,000
Wembley Park	9,000
Highgate Woods	5,000
The Monument	1,000

Hampstead Heath, as ever, claimed pride of place. Here from noon till dark the fun was fast and furious, scarcely a halt being called for the sharpest of showers. Swings, roundabouts, shoot-



TED HAWKIN,
who walked from Epsom to Peckham Rye with 21bs. of sand on his head in 5½ hours, for a wager of £50, on Good Friday.
(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photo by Batchelor, Batham.)

ing galleries, coconut shies, all did a roaring trade, and 'Arry and 'Arrist, with skipping ropes, ticklers, dancing, and general skylarking, were to be seen in the height of their glory.

Orderly Crowd.

For real, unadulterated enjoyment there is no place like the Heath on a Bank Holiday. The blasé, jaded soul in search of excitement should try it. Everyone is out for fun, and there is very little disorder—the police, large, good-tempered, and tolerant, see that all are kept within bounds. "Squitters," once the joy of 'Arry and 'Arrist, are now forbidden, but nevertheless there were good many at Hampstead on Monday, and one policeman at least discouraged the users in the following fashion:—

"Hi! you there," said a burly man in blue, catching an undersized 'Arry in the act of using one, "what do you mean by it? Don't you know I can take you into custody?"

The culprit dropped his weapon, and stood like a fascinated rabbit.

Just Punishment.

The policeman approached his collar with two large hands—and the next moment he had a practical illustration of the objectionableness of his amusement, for the contents of two large squitters were discharged down his neck, drenching him to the skin. The crowd yelled with laughter, and that policeman was their hero.

Half-an-hour later, during one of the showers, there was a rumour in a bar-parlour close by. One "Bill" had got hold of the accordion. The company wanted to dance, but Bill, depressed by the weather and a little too much beer, persisted in playing melancholy tunes. The boys wanted to take it away from him, but Bill refused to surrender, and offered to fight the crowd. Things were just developing unpleasantly, when suddenly that same large policeman appeared.

He pushed his way through the mêlée, and laid a hand on Bill's shoulder with "Here, guv'nor, let

me have a go." The astonished Bill surrendered his instrument without a murmur, and the next instant the crowd was prancing wildly to the tune of "The Cock o' the North," played by that same policeman.

"That is not the official way of doing it," said a Daily Illustrated Mirror representative, when the guardian of the law resigned the accordion. "Bless yer soul, it doesn't matter what yer do

needed adding to for the holidays. But to Houdini's sensational act, Baroness von Meyer's exciting performance and Sandow's marvellous feats of strength as the "Modern Hercules" were added last night.

The Pavilion novelty was Mr. Espinosa's "1904-1904," a pretty arrangement of songs and dances, showing the changes that have taken place during the century. Miss Ida Rene had some smart new

WEDDING BREAKFAST AT A WINKLE STALL.



It is a fashion among London costermongers to marry in greater numbers at Easter than at any other time of the year. To celebrate the happy event by breakfasting on winkles and other shell-fish delicacies at a street stall is another custom that dies hard. ("Mirror" artist.)

on Bank Holiday, so long as you keep 'em in order," said the beaming bobby. In which it is obvious that London has at least one wise law-keeper.

All the parks were thronged with men, women, and children. Though the weather was somewhat chilly, the boats on Victoria Park, Finsbury Park, Regent's Park, and Battersea Park lakes, and the Serpentine, were in great request, and loud was the laughter when the unskillful oarsman and oarswoman—and there were many—"caught a crab."

Quite a feature of the day in the parks was the number of happy fathers kept busy by autocratic youngsters, who shrilly commanded them to "bowl up" at a tree-trunk or a pile of coats.

The Crystal Palace was even more crowded than usual, and those who there were glad for shelter was sorely needed at times. The Zoological Gardens also attracted a large number of visitors, and the capacities of Madame Tussaud's and the Tower were severely taxed.

Despite the trying, altogether English, April weather, it was a joyous day, and there were few discordant notes. It is to be feared that many "fevers" were sadly out of curl when the day was over, but what did that matter on a Bank Holiday. If any had cause to complain it was the ice cream seller. Yet even he had a fair number of customers. During the showers hard youngsters braved the rain and sought solace in the delicacy.

THE "HALLS."

Attractive Programmes and Packed Houses Yesterday.

The changeable weather was responsible for the non-appearance of two popular comedians at the music halls last night, Mr. R. G. Knowles and Mr. Harry Randall both being confined to their beds with severe colds. The Tivoli and Oxford were the sufferers, but despite this disappointment a Mirror representative, making a hasty tour round, found packed houses everywhere, and in most cases standing room only.

At the Palace Mr. Arthur Roberts, in his double appearance, early in the evening with a new song and later in a duologue with Miss Ruby Celeste, entitled "Packing Up," was the principal attraction.

At the Empire the programme was worthy of the thronged house. Mlle. Genée has never danced more daintily than in "High Jinks," while, for a change among the other excellent turns, there are not quite so many acrobats as usual.

The Alhambra, big as it is, could find no seats last night for casual drop-ins. The gorgeous seven-scene ballet, "All the Year Round," conjointly with Madrali, were sufficiently good draws, setting aside the rest of a thoroughly good programme.

The Hippodrome managers had a little standing peep-hole in the omnibus box for the late visitor. The programme was so good before that it scarcely

songs, and George Mozart appeared in an amusing "one man" play.

The Oxford programme, even though two of its chief items were omitted, was full of "star" turns, with George Robey, Happy Fanny Fields, and Harry Lauder among them.

Similarly afflicted, the Tivoli audience had little to complain of, with Will Evans, the McNaughtons, and Dutch Daisy in the bill.

Kate Carney, the coster balladist, and Paul Mar-

HOLIDAY BRIDES.

Couples Marry in Batches on Easter Monday.

There was much rejoicing and a great display of finery at St. George's the Martyr, in the Borough, yesterday. Easter time is wedding-time for many of the poor of London, and some score of happy young folk joined hands and fortunes at this church on Monday morning.

The neighbourhood made much of the event. The church and the street outside were crowded with friends and relatives, and casual, but interested onlookers, men, women, and children, were bravely attired in holiday clothes.

They cheered when those about to be wed, blushing, gorgeously-attired brides and bashful bridegrooms arrived. These belonged to many classes—soberly attired working-men and girls, and costers and their donahs in gorgeous and

Feathers and Flowers.

The interior of the gloomy church was decorated with spring flowers, but these blossoms paled before the brilliant costumes of many of the brides and bridesmaids. White-feathered hats shone bright, and lilac and purple gowns gave additional colour to a picturesque scene. The bridegrooms, who for the most part favoured black short coats and check trousers, made an insignificant show amidst this finery.

There was at times quite a crowd round the altar rails, for at such times couples are joined in batches, and after some of the ceremonies there was confusion. The brides, as usual, seemed self-possessed enough, but the experienced verger had much ado to persuade the nervous, agitated bridegrooms into the vestry for the necessary signatures.

One-Day Honeymoon.

But all was brought to a happy conclusion. Bride and bridegroom, smiling uneasily, came out one after another, and then came the opportunity for the waiting crowd. The happy couples were smothered in confetti, and Cockney jest and laughter were the order of the day.

Then the newly-wedded escaped, some, it is said, to spend their one-day honeymoon on Hampstead Heath.

VAN HORSE PARADE.

Drivers Are Awarded Prizes in Regent's Park.

One of yesterday's features was the first annual show of the Van Horse Society, which commenced in Regent's Park at 8.30 in the morning. The early hour prevented a great crowd being present, but, nevertheless, there was a goodly gathering of admirers of van horses. Many of the fair sex, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the men who drove the horses—rode in the van.

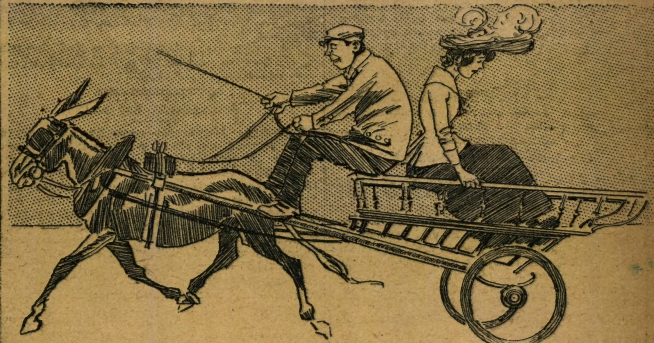
This show is held for the drivers of light van horses, such animals as are barred from competing in the cart horse parade of Whitsun Monday.

A score of big London firms were represented. In spotless, shining harness, splendidly groomed and gaily decorated, the horses made a brave show. The function was a great success, and the prizes were so numerous that few competitors went away without some solace. The Van Horse Society is to be congratulated on its first show.

ELECTRIC TRAMS A BOON TO CYCLISTS.

The "Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette" complains, in its current issue, that, owing to the construction of electric tramways along the northern

THE COSTER'S HONEYMOON.



A drive into the country with his bride constitutes the coster's honeymoon. The bridegroom does not hire a brougham, but makes the happy excursion in his donkey-cart. None of the wedding guests accompany the couple. (Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.)

tinetti and Co. in their "Terrible Night" sketch were two of the chief items of an all-round good programme at the Royal.

EPIDEMIC OF FIRES.

Martha Hill, aged forty, was so badly burned by a fire which occurred on Sunday night at 82, Baron's Court-road, Fulham, that she died in hospital.

The residence of the Dowager Countess of Kintore at Wimbledon Park was seriously damaged by a fire which broke out on Sunday night.

At a fire which occurred at a provision shop in Lower-road, Rotherhithe, yesterday morning, a fireman named Lawson was seriously injured by falling off a ladder.

Another fireman named Brock was badly cut by falling glass at Messrs. Williamson's premises, Herne Hill, which was the scene of a destructive fire on Sunday.

exists from London, one road after another is becoming impassable to cyclists.

"To complain of this matter," said a well-known cycling writer yesterday, "is both selfish and short-sighted on the part of cyclists. The opening up of these new districts by electric tramways is a distinct boon to the general public, and the inconvenience suffered by cyclists is very slight and only temporary. In the end, cyclists will benefit, for where the tramways extend the roads are benefited, and though cyclists will not be able to spread all over the road, as they have been in the habit of doing, they will find considerably greater comfort in riding out of London on wood-paved roads than on those that at present exist."

Whilst amusing himself in Battersea Park, John Trigg, residing at Doddington-grove, Battersea Park-road, was accidentally knocked down and fractured the base of his skull. He now lies in the City of London Ward at St. Thomas's Hospital.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

SUBSTITUTING A LUNATIC.

Brother's Surprising Discovery Leads to a Curious Action.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Saturday.

A curious affair is occupying the attention of the Hungarian law courts.

Three years ago a landowner in Grosswardein died, leaving his inheritance to be divided between his two sons. The elder kept the property, paying money equivalent to the younger brother, who lived very recklessly, and soon ran through his share, after which he began to torment his brother or more money, urging that he had not received a fair share of the inheritance.

As his health had broken down as a result of his life he was placed, by medical authority, in a lunatic asylum in Berlin, where he was pronounced "incurable." All the arrangements were made by a mutual friend, an architect of Buda Pesth, and through him money was paid for the care of the sick man.

All this took place two years ago. A few weeks ago the elder brother heard, to his surprise, that the "incurable" was living in a small town in Upper Hungary, had become a town councillor, and was happily married. As the Buda Pesth architect refused any explanation, the elder brother went to Berlin to the asylum, where he was shown a stranger, who, nevertheless, bore his younger brother's name.

Not My Brother.

The following correspondence then took place between him and the senior doctor: "This man is not my brother and may not bear my name. Also I will not pay any more for him." The doctor replied: "The man was brought here under your name and taken in. Besides, you have bound yourself to pay his expenses for life."

"Yes, for my brother, but not for a stranger," he replied.

"You forget that you have deposited £500 as security," answered the doctor, and so ended the matter. The elder brother is now charging the architect with fraud, and the unknown lunatic has been summoned for bearing a false name. The defence made by the architect is that he could not be instrumental in putting a sane person in an asylum, so he took one there who was really insane. He stated that he acted in the interests of the younger brother, and, as events proved, he had made him a happy and successful man. The accused lunatic makes no defence, he being a reality "incurably" mad.

ARREST UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Included in the charges before the Westminster Police Court, magistrate yesterday, was one Frederick Finn, alias Denton, of Vincent-square, Westminster, accused of forging and uttering a request for payment of £100.

About ten o'clock in the evening two police officers went to his house. The door was opened by a young lady, and as soon as one of the officers asked for "Mr. Denton" she threw her arms round him and commenced to struggle. She declared that person was not in, and refused to open the door of a room in which a light was burning. This had to be forced when the prisoner was found sitting in a chair. It was intimated that the charge was likely to be dropped, and accused was accordingly released on bail.

BARRICADED BOOKING-OFFICE.

Two youths, named James Taylor and Frederick Moore, were at the South-Western Police Court yesterday charged with breaking into a booking-office at Earlfield Station, L., and S.W. Railway, and stealing £11. The two were seen by a night porter leaving the office by the skylight, and Taylor was arrested on the spot. Moore was taken into custody later. The booking-office door was found barricaded with a chair, and the till was found with a jenny lying near at hand. To a police-sergeant Taylor said, "Yes, I went in (the booking-office) with two others."

TO MAKE HIS BRIDE HAPPY.

Arthur Albert Ray, twenty-one, of Holloway, manager, was at Worship-street Police Court sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the second division for theft of a cash-box containing £21, belonging to his employers, a firm of silversmiths. Prisoner disappeared from work, and on the safe being opened, the cash-box was found to have been stolen. Inquiries resulted in the police discovering Ray had married, and gone with his wife to Bournemouth. When arrested he said that he did it to make the girl happier than she was.

AN EXPENSIVE SAINT.

When summoned at West London Police Court yesterday for having committed wilful damage a clerk named Graham offered the defence that on St. Patrick's Day he went drinking with some friends, and on returning home mistook the house or his own residence.

The Magistrate: You will find St. Patrick a rather expensive saint on this occasion. Fined £5, with £4 damages, and 12s. costs.

PAYING FOR STUPIDITY.

Archibald James Gray, a Stamford Hill clerk, was at North London Police Court ordered to pay a fine of 20s. for annoying young ladies. Prisoner, while under the influence of drink, caused great annoyance by his conduct. His father gave him good character, and but for this the magistrate said he would have been inclined to send him to gaol.

When investigating a case of accidental child suffocation at Clerkenwell the Coroner said that among the middle-classes the proportion of children meeting with such a fate was only one to the hundred amongst the poor.

BOY'S QUARREL.

Arrested on a Charge of Causing His Mother's Death.

In a quarrel with his mother a Birmingham boy named Ernest Walter Lee, aged fifteen, is alleged to have killed her by stabbing her in the breast. He is now in custody on the charge of causing her death.

A neighbour heard Mrs. Lee moaning, and on entering the house found her lying prostrate on the sofa. Her blouse was blood stained. The boy was discovered weeping, and he afterwards said the wound was caused accidentally while he was opening a tin of condensed milk.

Mrs. Lee was helped upstairs, but died before a doctor could be obtained.

The boy has been remanded by the magistrates.

HOOLIGAN OUTRAGE.

Clerk Set Upon by Three Coffee-Stall Frequenters.

John Barr, a clerk in a Gracechurch-street office, is lying in a semi-conscious condition at the Temperance Hospital, Hampstead-road, as the result of a casual meeting with three Euston hooligans on Sunday morning, between one and two o'clock. He had stopped at a coffee-stall at the corner of Barnby and Seymour-streets to get a cup of coffee.

MOTHER'S CRIME.

Depressed by the Loss of One Child She Murders the Other.

Away from his home in Rochdale-road, Halifax, for two hours yesterday morning, a greengrocer named James Asquith found his wife, a young woman twenty-eight years of age, lying on the kitchen floor with her throat cut, and a child's skipping-rope tied round her neck.

She was alive, and was removed to the infirmary, where she afterwards died. Later in the day her child, a boy two years old, was found dead upstairs with his throat cut. The child had not been well, and his mother had been depressed. She had previously lost a child by death, and on Sunday remarked that she was afraid she was going to lose this one.

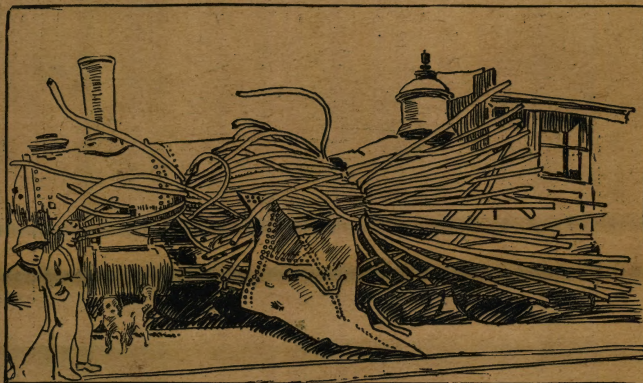
MURDERER ATTACKED.

Dead Man's Son Hurls a Stone from the Witness Box.

A coroner's court in New South Wales has been the scene of one of the most extraordinary demonstrations against a murderer ever recorded.

A Chinaman, named Ah Chick, who had given himself up for the brutal murder of Mr. Tregaskis, a resident at Peak Hill, was being led handcuffed through the local court when Mr. Oxley, a justice

ENGINE BOILER BLOWN INSIDE OUT.



The recent boiler explosion in San Francisco is here illustrated. The photo was taken ten minutes after the occurrence, and it reveals the extraordinary effects of the accident. The engine was lifted into the air several inches.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

Three roughs, who had come up to the stall, hustled him about, knocked his cup out of his hand, and felled him to the ground. Getting up he started down Seymour-street in the direction of Euston Station, the trio close behind him. They set upon him again, and beat him into a state of insensibility.

A constable arrived and arrested a man, who gave his name as John Manning, of Camden Town. Barr was taken on an ambulance to the Temperance Hospital.

The coffee-stall keeper and a youth who followed the hooligans and saw the assault, appeared at the Marylebone Court yesterday as witnesses against Manning, who was remanded on the charge of assaulting Barr.

The police are endeavouring to find the two other men who, with Manning, are alleged to have been concerned in the assault.

DISCLAIMING HIS SEX.

Patrolling Marchmont-street, St. Pancras, a police-sergeant was struck with the suspicious behaviour of two persons. They were intercepted when about to enter a house, and then the sergeant found that in one case the suspect was a man dressed in female attire. The two were taken to the station, and when charged gave the names of George Walters and Charles Parker. Walters, when taxed about his dress, was very indignant, and exclaimed, "I'm no man." He was found to be wearing a wig.

Both were remanded by the magistrate.

An inquest held at Teignmouth resulted in the jury returning a verdict of Wilful Murder against Mary Ann Brooks, widow, in respect of the death of her three-months-old child, found strangled in a box.

of the peace and son-in-law of the murdered man, intercepted him and struck him a terrific blow on the mouth, felling him instantly.

Mr. Oxley was immediately secured by the police, and remanded to be dealt with by a magistrate.

The murdered man's son was called into the witness-box later on. Fearing trouble the police watched him closely, but the witness contrived to hurl a large stone at the Chinaman, striking him on the head and inflicting an ugly wound.

The police closed and grappled with the witness, and a wild scene followed. Friends of the murdered man fought and wrestled to get at the trembling prisoner, chairs and tables were knocked over and smashed, and together with the dock and other furniture in the court-room, were splashed with blood. Finally the forces of authority prevailed.

PLACARDING A SENTENCE.

In addition to fining a Berlin milk dealer recently 5s. for watering his milk, the magistrate, our correspondent states, directed that a placard, measuring two square feet, with the milkman's name and particulars of his offence printed on it, should be posted on the nearest advertisement pillar to the man's shop. (In Berlin there are pillars at the corners of the streets, on which placards and advertisements of all kinds are posted.)

The milkman has appealed against such a mode of publishing a verdict.

News has reached Leith of the loss of the steamer Kong Inge, of Christiania, off the Farøe Islands, a fortnight ago. All on board were saved.

LOVERS' DUEL WITH FISTS.

The Fair Object of Rivalry Weds the Successful Boxer.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Monday.

The announcement a few days since that Miss Grace Davis, of Morristown, New Jersey, had become Mrs. George Kanouse in the early part of January marks the end of a romance, in which duels, fistfights, and other attributes of fictional love figured.

Miss Davis is the daughter of the wealthy president of a granite company at Barre, Vermont, and one of the most beautiful young women who ever graduated from Miss Dana's select academy near Morristown. She has just reached twenty years. Three years ago Count Raoul Henri Phillip de Montaigne la Valle visited Morristown, and immediately fell in love with Miss Davis. So did Mr. George Kanouse, the son of Abraham Kanouse, the head of a prominent brokerage firm doing business in several of the New Jersey cities.

Both men paid assiduous court to the lady of their hearts, and which was the more favoured one could say. The rivalry developed personal bitterness of the most ferocious sort, and culminated in the sending of this challenge by the Count:

"Count Raoul Henri Phillip de Montaigne la Valle, deeming his honour to be impugned and his veracity questioned hereby challenges Mr. George Kanouse to a meeting on the field of honour. Time, place, and weapons to be designated by the said Mr. Kanouse."

Ancient Eggs as Weapons.

The challenge was due principally to stories which the Count believed his rival to be circulating. In short order Mr. Kanouse replied accepting the challenge in these terms:

"I, Mr. George Kanouse, accept the conditions mentioned in the challenge of Count, etc., la Valle, and agree to meet him on the eastern slope of Fort Nonsense at sunrise two weeks hence; the weapons to be ancient eggs, at forty paces." The Count upon receiving this reply is said to have seethed and foamed, but in the end agreed to meet his rival under the terms specified. The duel, however, never occurred, as the newspapers got hold of the matter, and the city authorities threatened both lovers with arrest.

But the animosity of the two could not be satisfied without a meeting of some sort, and at last a contest with 10oz. gloves was arranged to take place before a small sporting club. At the end of the third round both men cast off the gloves and went at each other with bare knuckles. Soon the Count lay prostrate and the referee counted the fateful numbers up to ten and declared the American was the victor under Queensberry rules.

Mr. Davis heard of the battle and removed the casus belli.

The Count left town, but his victorious rival persisted and won his bride. Mr. and Mrs. Kanouse will live at Bountown, where the husband will manage one of his father's offices.

Thus ends the story of how Europe lost another American countess.

UNKNOWN MAN'S FATE.

Up to the present the police have not succeeded in identifying the body found by a farmer in a drinking pool near Calton Moor, Staffordshire, on Good Friday.

The man was well dressed, and apparently about forty years of age. There were three cuts on the throat and one on the left wrist. In the inside pocket was a razor and a handkerchief stained with blood. His collar and tie were hanging on a few yards away. A theory of suicide at present finds favour with the authorities, who, however, have not yet completed inquiries.

EXISTING ON BEER.

Witnesses called at a Hackney inquest respecting the end of a widow named Ellen Swan, fifty-two, stated that she had been given to excessive drinking for years. Everything in her room was pawned in order that she might satisfy her craving for "four all." Opening the parlour window the woman would call any child over the age of fourteen to fetch drink.

When the coroner asked what she lived on her landlady replied, "Oh, beer. I never saw her take anything else."

NOT THE MAN WANTED.

Hearing screams at midnight on Clerkenwell-green, a constable hastened there, and was told by a woman that she had been stabbed. After stating that a man standing near was not her assailant, she was taken to hospital.

Later a labourer, named Brannan, who had been seen in her company, was arrested. Giving evidence at the police court yesterday, the woman, O'Mara by name, said she could not recollect who it was attacked her. Pointing to the prisoner, she said: "That man is innocent." Brannan, whose right arm is useless, was discharged from custody.

CUTTING A WIFE'S HAIR OFF.

In a fit of jealousy a land-owner of Sosnowice, near Warsaw, cut off his wife's hair, close to the skin, rendering her a pitiable object. The woman, who was only recently married, forthwith summoned her husband before the justices on a charge of endangering her personal safety.

Strange to say, the trial ended in the husband's favour, but the outraged wife has appealed against the decision. Meanwhile her hair is growing luxuriantly, and she may have difficulty in convincing the higher court of the seriousness of her loss.

ONE BARREL-ORGAN LESS.

Charged with being drunk and disorderly, an organ-grinder told Mr. Plowden, at Marylebone, through an interpreter, that his organ came into collision with another "vehicle." It was not smashed, but entirely spoiled.

Mr. Plowden: Some people will be glad to hear that. There will be one organ less in London. Let him go after paying the interpreter's fee.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

2, Carmelite Street, London.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded by 8.20. **THE WIDOW WOOD.**
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
Zakuri Mr. TREE
To San Miss LENA ASHWELL.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.
SPECIAL MATINEE TOMORROW (Wed.), 3.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sydney Grundy.
Preceded, 8.15. **A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.**
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 5193 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-NIGHT and four following nights, at 8.30.
LAST FIVE PERFORMANCES OF
OLD REIDELBERG.

ST. JAMES'S. SATURDAY TO MONDAY.
A new Comedy by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce
will be produced on THURSDAY EVENING, April 14.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 3903 Ger. - ST. JAMES'S.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Man-
ager, Mr. FRANK CURZON. **A CHINESE HONEY-
MOON** (8 o'clock). By George Dance, music by Edward Lamb.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD. R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY
RANDALL, GEORGE ROBEY, George Lushwood,
GUS ELEY, Lily Burnand, HARRY LAUDER, the
Ponskins, Fanny Fields and other stars. Open 7.30.
SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.
Manager - Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.
ADMISSION SIXPENCE. Daily from April 4 to 9 in-
clusive.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are -
3, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*
are -

45 AND 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1989 Gerrard.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Illustrated Mirror* is sent direct by post to
any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a
day (which includes postage payable in advance) or
it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three
months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 24s.
To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months,
9s. 9d.; for six months, 18s. 6d.; for twelve months, 36s.;
payable in advance.
Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.,"
and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Illustrated
Mirror*.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

OUR THREE LITTLE WARS.

That England is always at war shows an amount of energy and superabundant spirits that go a long way to demonstrate that we are not a decaying race.

At present we have three wars upon our hands—in Tibet, in Nigeria, and in Somaliland. Our restless activity leads us to explore and dispatch missions to various parts of the world, and generally an increase of territory results.

Our army is not large, but it works. It "gets there." Germany and France have large numbers of soldiers, but they rarely do anything to justify their existence except look very decorative and martial.

The little wars which Britain wages keep our officers in practice and our men from getting "stale" through too long inaction.

The cost in money and lives of the Boer war have not tired us of fighting, and this shows that we have the elasticity of a great people. Three little wars going on and the constant prospect of a large one looming before us take quite as a matter of course, and go about our business as if nothing unusual were occurring. Probably if a dozen of them were in progress we should be just as philosophical, and eat our breakfasts and pay our taxes with an outward and inward calmness altogether admirable.

Unwelcome Alien Mormons.

If there is any merit in the Government Bill for the exclusion of undesirable aliens it should enable us to pack back to their own country the two hundred Mormon missionaries who are threatening to preach their doctrines in England.

We are not allowed to "dump" our riff-raff in the United States. Why should the United States unload upon us men and women

so closely associated with the criminal practice of polygamy?

The revelations recently made in America showing the methods of the Mormons are of the most revolting character. They show that the heads of the belief should be in jail and not in church, and that, to a great extent, Mormonism is a crime instead of being a religion.

There are enough perverts in England already. We need import none from the United States.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

"THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

There is always at holiday time a series of Utopian stories which spring into fruit concerning the huge winnings of individuals at Monte Carlo. If the winner happens to be the possessor of a title so much the better. It is true that during the past few weeks large sums have been won by individuals. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia has won heavily; Lord Chelsea, too, has been very lucky. Lord Villiers, playing on black at the "trente et quarante" table, made over fifteen thousand pounds by his system in three evenings. He had proposed to continue his run of luck; by chance he did not go into Monte Carlo from Beaulieu that evening. It was a lucky escape; for red turned up ten times running, with a combination of cards which would have completely turned the tables, in more senses than one, against him.

We hear of the winners, who are few enough; but we hear little of the losers. People, as a rule, on their return from Monte Carlo, will say, "Oh, I was lucky—I only lost £10." That is the really philosophic way of looking at the matter. It is a fact, nevertheless.

Sensational winners make an excellent advertisement; the small loser pays the rent of the gambling rooms.

La Turbie.

"MORMON AND MAN."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

So long as the divorce laws in the various States of North America are as degrading as they are so long will such an abomination as Mormonism be possible. In Rhode Island or in South Dakota a woman may divorce her husband upon the flimsiest pretext imaginable. It is conceivable that the American Mormon becomes polygamous because he wants to be sure of one of his wives any way; but the average American realises that his women folk become yearly more spoiled, extravagant, and exacting. The American woman is as much to blame for the institution of Mormonism as is the man.

Hotel Cecil.

"RUBBISHY MUSIC."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

Piano-strumming young ladies have made us thoroughly acquainted with the works of the great composers, and the long-suffering public, like the proverbial worm, has turned. The popular taste now inclines to songs of the musical comedy order, with their catchy refrains. Can it be that we are less hypocritical than formerly, that we openly avow our preference for music that we can all understand and appreciate?

"MISTER DOOLEY."

THE LION AND THE LLAMA.



The British lion is friendly disposed towards the Tibetan llama. But the llama proves distrustful and shy. The lion approaches in the most peaceful garb, wishing only to trade with the llama. Whether on a basis of free trade or protection is a matter to be settled later on. It will greatly grieve the British lion if the silly llama continues to harden its heart. For the lion really does not want to fight.

THE COMING SEASON

Promises To Be One of Great Brilliancy.

The word Season, with an initial capital letter, means a great deal to all Londoners. If the Season be brilliant trade of all kinds booms apace.

During the coming summer months there seems every likelihood that there will be a somewhat unusual amount of entertaining. The opera season, judging from the recently-issued prospectus, promises well. Everybody may not be inclined to estimate the importance of Covent Garden Opera House at a very high rate. But it is one of the surest social barometers; if the subscription list for the boxes is bulky all is well with a large section of the public.

There are, as we all know, wars and rumours of war; but if we happily escape, as a nation, any direct embroilment in any part of the globe the Season promises to be a merry one. The young Duchess of Roxburgh will be one of the "marriage presentations" at the first Court at Buckingham Palace, and the new Duchess of Norfolk will, of course, make a similar appearance. The house which has been in course of erection in Curzon-street during the past two years as a town residence for the Duke of Marlborough and his tall, graceful, American wife will be open.

It is unlikely that the King and Queen will give a fancy-dress ball, but the Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to entertain on a large scale. Buckingham Palace, uncompromising as it is when seen from the outside, has been entirely renovated internally. The King has very good taste, and many alterations have been made. Pictures and old furniture have been brought up from Windsor, and many Early Victorian relics which had little artistic value have been disposed of. Buckingham Palace is now, so far as the interior is concerned, a lordly pleasure-house, worthy of the Sovereign of the British Empire.

Of the outlying social society clubs, Hurlingham and Ranelagh both bid fair to have a prosperous season; polo is perennially popular, and both golf and croquet have their ardent devotees.

Motor broughams will be much in evidence, especially for those people—annually an increasing number—who prefer to spend their nights in summer in the purer air of the suburbs and adjacent country. A charity fête on a large scale is being organised for the first week in July; on this occasion many of the charming young ladies in society who are capable amateur actresses will entertain their friends and themselves in a specially written musical comedy.

Altogether, despite discontent on the Stock Exchange and despair among the fashionable dress-makers, things do not look so very bad. We may, not unjustifiably, hope for a better time all round.

ROYAL SNAPSHOOTERS.

The practice of photography as a pastime grows daily in popularity. Queen Alexandra is extremely adroit with her camera, and has succeeded in making many special snapshots of royalties which she alone could obtain.

Her Majesty has also photographed more than once one of the King's horses passing the winning post on a race-course. She has also a fine collection of yachting subjects. Princess Victoria of Wales makes photography her special hobby, as also does Princess Henry of Battenberg. At Copenhagen, where the Queen is now staying with her father, the King of Denmark, to whom she is so devoted, she is rarely unaccompanied on her walks and drives abroad by her favourite camera.

FUN IN A COLLAR-STUD.

Mr. Arthur Roberts in His New Sketch at the Palace.

Whether a sketch be rightly defined as a performance "producing emotion" or no there is no doubt about emotion being produced by the little dialogue called "Packing Up," in which Mr. Arthur Roberts appears as the star of the Easter programme at the Palace Theatre. The emotion in this case is the emotion of laughter, but it is produced in bucketfuls. Hardly ever—if ever—the genius of Mr. Roberts had a better vehicle than this little trifle, though, after all, it does little else than leave him on the floor searching for a collar-stud.

It is above all a homely mouthpiece—appealing to every householder who knows what it is to shave in a hurry, and to lose a collar-stud five minutes before the train starts. This, at any rate, is Mr. Roberts's fate, according to the sketch, and he performs the feat of keeping an audience rocking with laughter for a full quarter of an hour while he himself is on his knees in a dressing-gown, barking the back of his head against the edge of the table, suffering meanwhile the taunts of his wife, and exasperated by the distant whistle of the approaching train. There are some excellent little suggestions of feminine amenities—

"What are you down there for, dear?" says she to him, as he noses the floor, "lost anything?"

"Lost anything! As if I should be down here if I hadn't! Oh, I'm down here for pleasure, that's what I am!"

"Lost a collar-stud, have you? Where did you lose it?"

"Where did I lose it? Isn't that like a woman? D'you think I'd—"

But print can convey nothing of the humour wherewith Mr. Arthur Roberts keeps the fun going without one flagging moment from the time that he first gashes himself in the effort to reap a too hurried harvest from his chin, to the final catastrophe, when he discovers that he has packed up his trousers!

SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES AND AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones has just been guilty of a book called "Dollars and Democracy," which is exciting interest in American society. The son of the famous painter upon whom the baronetcy was conferred is very drastic in his comments upon American social life. Some of the following extracts from the volume may explain why the book is not particularly popular. Sir Philip, among other things, says:—

"It must be confessed, when all is said and done, that there is at present something hopelessly middle-class and bourgeois about American social life."

"With the rapid growth of the country and the constant recruiting of its ranks from the richest inhabitants of the Western cities, this limited 'society' is constantly changing, and those who, a few years ago, were at the top of the tree find themselves to-day outclassed, so to speak, by someone with more abundant store of this world's goods, who, in his turn, will have to give way to some mightier Cressus in the days to come."

"Without tradition, without officially recognised superior social status in the democracy, the members of this small coterie of extremely rich people have arrogated to themselves a position somewhat analogous to our own nobility; and in so doing have out-Heroded Herod."

These are not particularly pleasant home truths.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR"

THE REIGNING BELLE OF MONTE CARLO.



This beautiful American lady, Miss Anna Robinson, is the admired of all beholders during the present season at Monte Carlo. Among the many pretty women there, she is unanimously voted to be the belle. Miss Robinson had a short and brilliant career upon the French stage, and many theatrical managers are anxious she should return to the profession. [Lottie Charles. Photo by]

CARRIER PIGEONS IN WAR.

Old Method of Sending Dispatches Still Most Reliable.

The pictures on this page give a correct idea of the mode of training a carrier pigeon, as well as the way in which the extraordinary homing instinct of the birds is used for the conveyance of messages. While the illustrations deal specially with the Italian Army, they may be accepted as showing exactly what happens with every other force, even

our own, for no one will forget how conspicuously the military lofts figured in the South African War. In Cape Colony alone, for instance, there were, a couple of years ago, close on fifty stations, which were used to supply birds in both the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal.

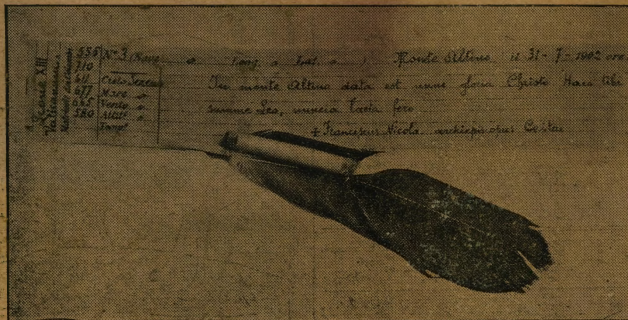
Except for the background of military uniforms and the chances that the winged messengers run of falling a prey to a well-aimed shot, instead of to the fatal swoop of the hawk, there is little to distinguish the training of the birds for military as opposed to purely domestic or sporting purposes. As soon as a bird is old enough to begin its training, it is given its mark of identification. This con-

PEACEFUL DOVE AS WAR CORRESPONDENT.



With every succeeding war the uses of the carrier pigeon come to be more and more recognised for the conveyance of intelligence between distant points. Every civilised army keeps a corps of trained pigeons. During the Boer war a military pigeon post was in great use. In this illustration a lieutenant in charge of the Italian pigeon service is entering details of birds on the register. [Photo for the "Mirror,"]

THE WINGED MESSAGE IN THE QUILL.



It is a mistake to suppose that the message is fastened round the pigeon's neck or round its feet. The message is written on a strip of thin, tough paper, enclosed in a quill or tiny aluminium cylinder, and then wired on the under side of one of the tail feathers. [The "Mirror," Photo for]

sists of a ring of metal fastened around one of its feet. The ring bears a number, which is entered in a book so that the bird can always be recognised. This is shown in the illustration, where the lieutenant in charge of the pigeon service is seen entering the details of the two birds the orderly has brought in from the cage.

Then the work of active training begins. It is based on the principle expressed by the Latin

sill or else supported on legs is a ledge on which the birds can alight. In this part of the netting there is a doorway formed by movable wires, so arranged that, while they move easily inwards from without, that the bird may enter, it is impossible for them to be moved the other way and allow the bird to escape.

It is, naturally, imperative that as soon as a bird returns its arrival should be made known, and in

A MILITARY PIGEON COTE.



The wire-netting around these windows serves the purpose of preventing the birds from escaping. A doorway is formed by movable wires, so arranged that, while they move easily inwards from without, it is impossible for them to be moved outwards. [The "Mirror," Photo for]

proverb, "Festina lente," which may be best translated for the purposes of this article into another no less well known English quotation, "Little by little." Having been kept in the loft in which they have been born until they are able to fly, the birds are taken in a cage or basket to a little distance and thrown up into the air, the distance being increased with each "fly." They

order to obviate the necessity of keeping men on the watch by day and night, which would undoubtedly tend to scare the birds and keep them away, an electric apparatus is fitted to the movable wires to give notice of the bird's return. The longest English record was made by Mr. Henson, of the Aberdeen Homing Society, whose birds have flown from Bordeaux to Aber-

BIRDS BEGIN THEIR JOURNEYS.



An officer of the Italian Army is here seen kneeling by the side of a cage, from which he has released several birds on a variety of journeys. Pigeons have been known to "home" a distance of 900 miles. [The "Mirror," Photo for]

circle two or three times, going higher and higher with each circle, to get their bearings, and then go directly towards the place where they know food and shelter await them. The cote is furnished with many windows, protected by a wire netting to prevent the inmates escaping. Either on the window-

deen, a distance of between 800 and 900 miles. The next longest flight is from Bordeaux to Tyneside—700 miles—while races of between 500 and 600 miles are frequent. London fanciers have raced their birds from the Shetland Islands to London, a distance of 620 miles.

STRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

U.S. MILLIONAIRE JOURNALIST AND CANDIDATE.



The Democratic Party in America have nominated William Randolph Hearst, of New York, for the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Hearst is the proprietor of the New York "American," and owns newspapers in Chicago, Boston, and San Francisco. [Photo by] [Marceau, New York.]

MR. W. R. HEARST.

Millionaire Journalist Who Will Oppose Mr. Roosevelt.

William Randolph Hearst, of New York, is nowadays as conspicuous in the American eye as President Roosevelt. Like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hearst is a candidate for the American Presidency. Mr. Hearst is a Democrat, Mr. Roosevelt a Republican. Both are young men, Mr. Hearst a few years younger than Mr. Roosevelt. The careers of the two men have points of similarity. Like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hearst has been a jour-



CARRIER-PIGEON CARRIER.

In this illustration a pigeon-carrier is bearing carrier-pigeons to some distant part, where he will let the birds go to find their way home again.

[Photo for the "Mirror,"]

nalist. He is a journalist still, for he is the proprietor and editor of newspapers in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco that have the largest circulations in America. Mr. Hearst is a millionaire. He is a Radical Democrat.

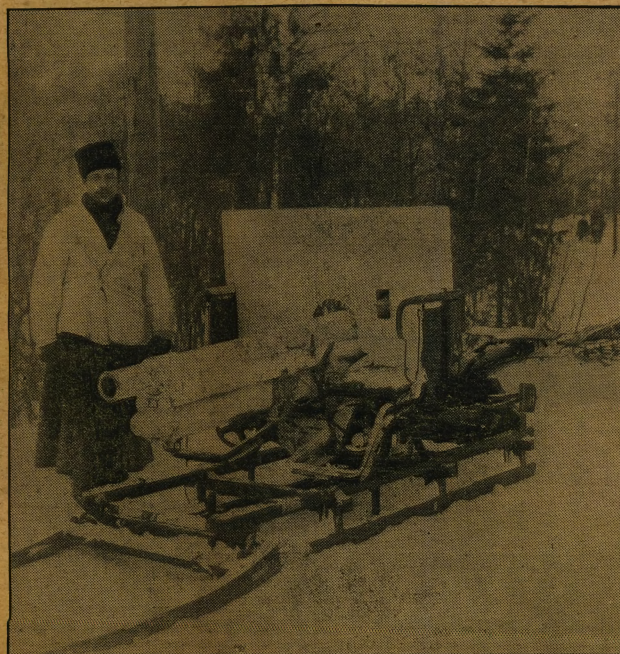
When Mr. Hearst announced his intention to seek the nomination for the Presidency at the

hands of the Democratic party the veteran leaders of the party declined to consider or consult him. Since then they have learned that the masses of the Democratic electorate demand his nomination. Mr. Hearst has endeared himself to the masses of the American people, especially to

the members of the trades unions, because he has strenuously defended their interests in his papers and in the courts.

It was Mr. Hearst who fought the Coal Trust and compelled it to arbitrate its differences with its pit men. Indeed, he has fought all the trusts who

RUSSIAN ARTILLERYMAN AND SLEDGE GUN.



The sledge has its uses in peace and war. It is really in greater demand than the horse for campaigning in snow-covered Russia. During the present war thousands of sledges are employed by the Army of the Tsar. [Photo for] [the "Mirror,"]

CHARLOTTE WIEHE, SKIPPING-ROPE DANCER.



To the nimble feet of Charlotte Wiehe, the pretty French actress, the skipping-rope offers no impediment. She performs some amazingly beautiful dances with its aid. [Photo by] [Reutlinger, Paris.]

violate the laws, and is still fighting them. As the elected authorities will not undertake to compel the trusts to obey the laws, Mr. Hearst himself is supplying the funds to maintain private prosecutions. It is said that the Rockefellers, Morgans, Vanderbilts, and other famous American millionaires hate Mr. Hearst almost as much as they despise poverty. It is apparent that Mr. Hearst will be nominated by the Democratic party. Then all the millionaires and all the trusts, with their enormous funds for corrupting the electorate, will work diligently until polling day to try to defeat this ambitious young American, whose chief fault is that he insists that the predatory trusts obey the law just as ordinary folk are compelled to. Among Mr. Hearst's newspapers are the following:—"New York American," "New York Evening Journal," "Chicago American," and "San Francisco Examiner." He has recently started newspapers also in Boston and Sacramento.

DOGS OF WAR.

Amusing Situation Created by a Misunderstanding.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

St. PETERSBURG, Saturday.

Dogs are evidently plentiful in the Government of Kaluga. A few days ago an advertisement appeared in the Government newspaper announcing that a certain Captain Khmielnikoff, an officer of the local recruiting department, wanted a borzoï hound. In the same issue was a paragraph relating to the employment of dogs for military purposes.

A report spread in the district that the military authorities wanted a thousand dogs to aid in the recovery of wounded men and to act as sentries in the Far East.

Early in the morning peasants began to arrive outside the recruiting office, and, much to the amazement of the officials, each was accompanied by at least one dog, while some brought two or three.

By midday the crowd had increased tenfold, and the office was besieged by an impatient mob, who clamoured loudly, each extolling at the top of his voice the virtues of his particular dog.

Many of the "war dogs" were mere puppies, undersized and half-starved. One patriotic lady produced a pug from under her arm, and called on the crowd to follow her example, and give the dogs to the Fatherland for nothing.

When the officials appeared at a window to ask the meaning of the tumult, the barking dogs prevented them being heard. Finally a fight between two animals developed into a fight between their owners, and a general melee ensued, which was not terminated until the arrival of the police.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE THING IN WOMAN.

IS IT CHARACTER?

OR IS IT HER HAIR, EYES, FOOT, OR FIGURE?

Mr. Hearst's paper is discussing a topic started by Mr. H. Hertzberg, which is likely to arouse attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

The question is: "What is woman's most beautiful trait physically?"

"Her foot," says my Spanish friend. "Light as the blossom of the almond! Arched like the neck of a grandee's horse! Narrow—more narrow than—ah, than the conscience of a miser!"

"Bah, it is the figure!" interrupts the Frenchman, impatiently. "The figure, I tell you! The figure, neat, graceful, rounded but very firm, rhythmic, eh?" and he kisses his hand twice in quick succession.

"Don't you think her colour counts for a lot?" comes the Englishman's contribution. "The white and pink of health, you know, and—er—soap, and that sort of thing. It always looks to me like the sign-patent of a good conscience, when it hasn't been brought from the shop, of course."

The Mouth for the German.

"To me her mouth appears most beautiful," remarks the German—which is original and praiseworthy of him, I'm sure—"that mouth which is kind, and soft, and honest, and capricious, and locking, and serious by turns, and kissable at all times. Incidentally, not the least creditable quality of that mouth consists in knowing how to order a well-appointed dinner."

"Why on him!" cries the Hungarian. "There does your German—always he must have in something to eat! Always! But I," he continues, "I vote for the hair. Black, golden, red, what matters it, if only it be long, and wavy, and silken as silk from the Chinese Emperor's private coiffeuses? Sunlight in threads or floss from the mantle of night! The hair, I say!"

It is the Norseman's chance to speak. He doesn't talk. He makes statements—

"What is finer than her forehead? You have seen windows of milk-white glass, my friends. You can't see through them, yet the pure light on her side shines unmistakably. So does a fair, good woman's brow impress me. You can't see through it—but the light of purity streams out of it, and makes you glad and very worshipful."

The Chin for Pat.

"There's the chin with a dimple in it," now comes the Irishman. "The brave, round, little chin, with a tendency to square up when trouble comes. The sort of chin that stands for honesty of faith, with humour in between 'em, all three 'em proud of 'em the company they keep! I know 'em, says the Irishman, and then he says nothing more."

What's the matter with the ear?" inquires the man from the Highlands. "The little cross between the petal of a blushrose, and the inside of a bell, that becomes a wee bit rosier still when ye're sperging foolish words in it? We-el, why didn't a Scotchman be a fool like the rest of 'em?" The last sentence is said by way of anticlimax.

The Neapolitan has given various distress signals of impatience. He lands on the heels of the German's declaration in a rush:

"Cospetto! it is possible?" he asks, of heaven earth. "Is it possible that not one—not one of you—all has lifted his voice in behalf of the eye? The eye, signor! A woman's eye is the soul! With it she converses, she listens, she sees, she inspires, she torments, she loves! The eye, do you know what it is? The eye of a woman? It is heaven, signor, heaven with lashes!"

Our Brisbane's View.

Arthur Brisbane thus comments on the foregoing utterances; and the correspondence promises as interesting in the "American" as we hope to see in the "Mirror."

A man of some intelligence has said that a man's most beautiful asset is a fine figure. That's depressing. A man with such views ought to be among the savages who stuff their young with camel's milk, and pick out a wife weighing three hundred pounds and measuring four feet

across. (See our old friend Eli Reclus's "Geographie Physique," or the interesting reports of the Paris Jardin des Plantes.)

"There are poets that devote their time and rhyme to every aspect of female beauty, from in-steps to long, yellow hair."

"But, as a matter of fact, the only thing that really counts, or that is really beautiful, is character. Very often that beauty of character shows in the face. If so, that is real beauty."

"Pink cheeks, big round eyes, long white necks, pearly teeth, coral lips, golden tresses, high in-steps, lily white hands, long lashes, and all the other etceterae are mere external adornments, no more important to the real woman than parsley to the boiled ham."

"Character makes a woman beautiful or ugly, and nothing is really beautiful unless it expresses fine character."

"The only important thing physically is health. The healthiest woman is physically the most

ties, that is the man to approve, take, and keep. You can keep him, for character does not wither or turn gray. It does not fall out. It does not get fat around the waist."

"Be as beautiful as you can, fair woman, for it is your duty to be ornamental as well as useful, if possible. But above all things, be good, and try to be clever. Good looks attract all kinds of men, and may bring you a good or a bad partner."

"But good character attracts only men that have good character also, and it makes permanent bargains that last a life long."

"In years to come the young man and young woman of to-day will care more for the love and admiration of their children than for anything else. It is the character of the parents that arouses the affection of the child, and that leaves reverence in the minds of sons and daughters when the parents have gone."

"Therefore we decide that the most beautiful thing in woman is character—which means all good

QUEEN OF THE "SNOWDROPS."



Miss Maude Veney, chief of the Eight Snowdrops, who have been performing at the Tivoli, is now appearing at the Palace Theatre with Mr. Arthur Roberts, accompanied by her seven snowdrop companions.

(Drawn from a photo by Lewis, Russell-square.)

beautiful, for she is apt to be the best mother, strong and patient—and the good mother is infinitely the most beautiful among women."

"You can judge a man's wearing qualities by his opinion as to woman's beauty."

"If a man tells you that he thinks beautiful hair, eyes, figure, complexion, or any other external the great thing—he is not the best kind to pick out for a husband."

"You may possess all of the charms that entrance him—but you will not have those charms always. Your hair must turn gray—even if it does not get thin in spite of all your rubbing. Your cheeks will wither, and the veins will come up on the back of your hand."

"But character does not change. If you find a man that likes you because of your mental quali-

ties, that is the man to approve, take, and keep. You can keep him, for character does not wither or turn gray. It does not fall out. It does not get fat around the waist."

"If you want to judge character by the face, do so cautiously, and diffidently. Here are a few rules—"

"Select a good high forehead—or one very broad, if it is low."

"Don't select too weak a chin. Blue eyes are the best, although brown or black eyes are tolerable in women, since much sentiment and consequent gentleness go with them."

"Mistrust thin waists. They mean poor health or foolishness—except in very young girls. Remember that modesty is more important than any one thing, and that refinement comes next."

"Freckled and sunburned faces are desirable—they show common-sense and outdoor life."

THE CONFESSION BOX.

ADVICE FOR READERS UPON LOVE AND OTHER MATTERS.

[Replies to queries sent to this department cannot be sent, under any circumstances, by post, nor is any answer guaranteed; but, possibly, the query and its result will be printed on this page. Letters should be addressed Editors, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.]

"A very rich man is paying me attention," writes "Sought After" (Hull), "and my people are very anxious indeed that I should have him; but I don't care for him a bit. How am I to discourage him without hurting his feelings, which I should be very sorry to do? I like him much as a friend, and would much like to keep him in that relation."

It is a woman of tact and wisdom who can turn the old lovers into friends, and still keep them so. You ought to be quite able to show this man that you do not wish to marry him without hurting his feelings in any way. I hope you have not allowed him in the past to entertain hopes.

Ought She To Encourage Him?

"Only a month ago I became acquainted with a certain man," writes "N.M.M." "He is now paying me marked attention, and we write constantly to each other. I have taken a very great liking to him, and am perfectly happy when he is with me. Do you think it is wrong of me to encourage his attentions, when we really know so little of each other as we do?"

There is no harm in seeing as much of him as he desires, in order that you may both find out whether you will want to spend your lives together by-and-by. But you should not treat him as if things were certain, when they are not.

Where Self-respect Must Guide.

"Four years ago I corresponded with a man," says "Heartache," "for a few weeks, and I grew to care very much for him. I think he was getting to care very much for me, when another woman took him away. They are engaged, but he does not act as if he loved her, and the longing for a kind word from him grows more and more intense. My friends tell me he is not worth thinking of, but I would take him to-morrow if I had the chance."

That chance does not seem likely to offer itself. Surely you have too much self-respect to go on caring for a man who has shown no desire for your affection, and who is now the property of another? You must try to forget him.

Let Love Grow Cold.

"Last summer," says "Jean" (St. Helens), "I met a man whom I had good cause to think cared for me, but after a month's friendship he was ordered abroad. During our friendship he told me he was partly engaged to another, but did not care for her, and on leaving he asked me to write to him and send my photograph, which I did. His first letter was very nice, but they have now grown cold. Do you think he is getting tired of it?"

A man who could pay one girl attention while he was practically engaged to another is not a man in whom you could put any trust. You were to blame for encouraging him under those circumstances, and have only yourself to thank.

THE EDITRESS.

SPRING CLEANING.

London is undergoing her annual spring-cleaning. While most of the world is making holiday Easter is spent by thousands of London's workers in washing and cleaning the great city, and putting her in respectability for another year.

The public who find themselves barred out from public buildings, art galleries, libraries, etc., must accept the fact in a spirit of content, with the knowledge that it is in their interest that books and pictures are dusted, statues washed, floors scrubbed, carpets beaten, and walls painted.

Easter is the only time of the year when this general freshening up can conveniently be done. The four days from Good Friday to Easter Monday are a continuous holiday with the general public, who take their pleasure as a rule in the open air. Therefore, when throughout the City and the West End the last regular worker turned out on Thursday the premises he had left were invested by troops of the vast army of spring cleaners.

In the House of Commons, too, this important work of spring-cleaning always takes place at Easter, when our weary legislators are refreshing themselves with country air or sea breezes.

occasion being the German Crown Prince. By the way, something was said some time ago about the great admiration the Prince had for the beautiful American girl, Miss Gladys Deacon. He met her when staying with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle, and was first attracted to her by the fact that she was, like himself, an enthusiastic collector of picture-postcards.

From that day their friendship ripened, and when the Prince returned to Germany he used to send Miss Deacon postcards from every place he went to, as is the German custom.

Silver and Golden Weddings.

Silver weddings are in the air this week! On Sunday the Right Hon. the Baron and Lady St. Bridge were celebrating their amid a great inundation of congratulations from relatives and a large circle of friends, Lord St. Bridge being related through his father to the Westminster family and through his mother to the Westland House.

Further north, too, Sir William J. C. G. Baird, Bart., was celebrating the same domestic festival, having just completed the quarter of a century of wedded life with the Hon. Arabella Rose Hozier, who, with her younger sister, so widely known as Lady Lamington, Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess of Wales, are the much-chattered daughters of the first Baron Newlands.

To-day, too, the cycle of Time brings round the same date for the twenty-fifth time to the Hon. Stephen Colclough, who, on April 5, 1879, married Geraldine Beatrice, daughter of the late Charles Manners, 7th Duke of Rutland, and niece of the first Earl of Tidesdale.

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

As Easter is over, people will begin to get to town, and there is a great deal of gaiety about. Before everything come the very important society weddings which are fixed to take place during April.

Very seldom that there are many weddings in May, which is considered an unlucky month for ceremonies, so the last few days of April generally as full of marriages as are the last days before Lent.

Mr. Brice.

A wedding of to-day is an interesting one. The bridegroom, the Rev. Cyril Alington, is a man of some intelligence has said that a man's most beautiful asset is a fine figure. That's depressing. A man with such views ought to be among the savages who stuff their young with camel's milk, and pick out a wife weighing three hundred pounds and measuring four feet

at Eton, and the bride, Miss Hester Lyttel, the youngest daughter of the fourth Lord Lyttel, and a half-sister of Lord Cobham. Frederick Cavendish, one of Miss Lyttel's sisters, is lending her house in Carlton Terrace for the ceremony, and there will be a gathering of relations and friends present. Lyttel, although of rather a quiet and reserved nature, is nevertheless particularly fond of her guests, and when quite a girl before she came

out, was an expert cricketer. This she learnt from her seven brothers, all of whom were in their day expert cricketers, the most famous of them being Mr. Alfred Tilletton, the Colonial Secretary.

It was he who once, when playing in a match at Althorp Park, Lord Spencer's Northamptonshire seat, hit a five, which flew straight across the ground and eventually into the lap of the late Lady Spencer, who was rather startled, though very much amused.

Another Wedding.

Miss Winifred Paget, who is to marry Lord Ingestree, has received quantities of most beautiful presents. Like her sister, Lady Herbert, a great many of these have taken the form of furniture, and Chippendale and Sheraton chairs, tables, and cabinets are very numerous among her gifts. But she has received quantities of lovely china as well, and lots of jewellery.

Her mother's gifts include two beautiful single-stone rings, and Lady Shrewsbury has given a long sealskin coat, while Lady Warwick's gift is a ruby and diamond pendant. Miss Paget's wedding-dress is a dream of beauty, with masses of lovely lace and real orange blossoms. Mr. Harold Brassey is to be best man, and the honeymoon will be spent at Warwick Castle.

Lady Violet Talbot, who makes her debut this season, will be bridesmaid at two of the biggest of the many April weddings; for she is acting in

this capacity for Miss Paget as well as for Miss Agatha Thynne, the date of whose wedding is not yet quite definitely fixed.

It will, however, take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and is certain to be a very smart affair, for Miss Agatha Thynne is one of the most popular girls in London. She is to have a bevy of pretty girl attendants, but, as is the fashion just now, her long train will be carried by two small pages.

Mr. John Thynne, her father, is an extremely handsome man, with a long white beard. In his youth he was very popular, and much sought after at all social functions, and went by the name of "Jack Fat."

Other Weddings.

On the 18th of this month Miss Lettice Long, daughter of Mr. Walter Long, is to be married to Mr. William Cooper, of the 7th Hussars, and this will be a very big affair. Another interesting wedding, a day or two before—the 14th—is that of Major Corran, of the Grenadier Guards, to Miss Winifred Ricardo. It will take place at the Guards Chapel, and Princess Christian will most likely be present.

Then, on the 26th, Miss Violet Hope, who is a very pretty girl, is to be married to the Brodie or Brodie, and that same day Mr. Colston, of the Grenadier Guards, is to marry Miss Blanche Duddell. The bride is a tall, fair-haired girl, who is a most proficient skater, and a well-known figure at Prince's, as well as a first-rate tennis player.

At Homburg she has taken part in and won several tournaments, her partner on more than one

THE MOST DANGEROUS PROFESSION IN THE WORLD.

How War Correspondents Risk and Lose Their Lives to Give the Public News.

The recent accidents which have befallen Mr. Candler in Tibet and Mr. McKenzie in China, both on the staff of the "Daily Mail," have recalled attention to the fact that the profession of a war correspondent is the most dangerous in the world.

In former days the correspondents kept in the rear and were fairly immune from the dangers of shot and shell, but the long-range guns have made a great difference in modern warfare. Practically there is no rear now, and the war correspondents share the same risks as the combatants engaged in the strife.

When rumours of impending war appear in the papers the editors are immediately besieged with applications from all sorts and conditions of men who yearn to go out to the seat of war and write thrilling accounts of the carnage, mingled with their own hairbreadth escapes, for the benefit of the public at large.

The popular idea of a war correspondent is a stern-looking person, attired in khaki, with a helmet or large sombrero, riding boots, spurs, and carrying a kodak. He carries a haversack and rifle slung picturesquely across his shoulders, with an enormous telescope around his arm. He is usually mounted upon a fiery steed, and followed

by a crowd of native retainers carrying his tent, bedding, and all kinds of luxuries in the shape of wines and choice viands.

The imaginary correspondent, when he can spare time from instructing the general in command as to how the battle should be conducted, is depicted sitting in an easy chair on the verandah of a fine hotel and enjoying a choice Havana cigar; while the humble secretary takes down the hero's telegram to his paper.

Another popular fallacy, which is tenaciously adhered to by the greater part of the masses, is that anyone can go out and act as a war correspondent, no matter whether he has been a landscape gardener or a sponge diver in the Mersey. The question of brain power is never taken into consideration.

The real correspondent, who leaves his family and goes out to the scene of danger, must be a hard-working, intelligent man, full of zeal for the newspaper he represents, and prepared to risk his life without hesitation to get the news home ahead of his rivals.

The general rule of armies in the field is to allow each correspondent to draw food and fodder for himself, servant, and horses at the usual scale of pay. With bad food, indifferent water, and sickness he takes his chance with the rest of the army.

A Roll of Honour.

Some idea of the risks to be encountered by war correspondents in the field may be gathered from the fact that over forty of their number were killed, wounded, taken prisoner, or died of sickness, during the late Boer war in South Africa. Among the better-known heroes of the pen on the sad list were:—

Mr. G. W. Stevens, "Daily Mail," died of enteric fever, siege of Ladysmith, January, 1900.
Mr. Alfred Ferrand, "Morning Post," killed at Ladysmith.
Mr. Albert Collett, "Daily Mail," killed in action at Moltene.
Mr. Lambie, "Melbourne Age," killed at Rensburg.
Colonel Hoskier, "Sphere," killed at Stormberg.
Mr. Charles Hales, "Daily Mail," dangerously wounded at Marisani.
Mr. Julian Ralph, "Daily Mail," wounded by shell at Belmont.
Mr. A. G. Hales, "Daily News," wounded and captured.
Mr. Ernest G. Parlow, "Daily Chronicle," shot dead at Mafeking.
Mr. F. W. Walker, "Daily Mail," wounded at Stormberg.
Lord De la Warr, "Globe," wounded at Vryheid.
Mr. E. F. Knight, "Morning Post," shot at Belmont, right arm amputated.
Mr. P. L. Reid, "Echo," seriously wounded at Khiehl.
Mr. W. Spooner, "Reuter's," died of enteric fever.
Captain Wright, "Daily Mail," seriously wounded while riding with dispatches.

In many instances war correspondents have rendered great services to their country during time of war.

One of the most famous correspondents was the late Mr. Archibald Forbes, who became known first during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 and 1871, and the horrors of the Commune. In 1877, during the Russo-Turkish war he carried the news of the battle of Shipka Pass to the Tsar Alexander II., who decorated him for his daring ride.

Mr. Forbes's greatest exploit as a war correspondent was performed during the Zulu War of 1880. After the battle of Ulundi, on July 5, he rode 110 miles in twenty hours, which enabled his paper, the



THE LATE MR. G. W. STEEVENS, who died of enteric fever during the siege of Ladysmith, in January, 1900. He was the most brilliant correspondent the "Daily Mail" had in the war. By his untimely death a brilliant career was sorrowfully cut short.

[From a "Mirror" photo.]

"Daily News," to publish the account of the battle twenty-four hours ahead of any other paper. Two days later Mr. Forbes rode another 170 miles to Pietermaritzburg in thirty-five hours. Both rides were made through a wild country infested by the warlike Zulus, from whom the gallant correspondent had some marvellous escapes.

During the various Egyptian campaigns terminating with the fall of Omdurman numerous correspondents met their death by bullet or disease on the sandy desert in carrying out their duties.

Mr. John Cameron, of the "Standard," and Mr. Herbert Leger, of the "Morning Post," were killed near Abu Klea in 1885, and the Hon. Herbert Howard, of the "Times," was killed at the gate of the Mahdi's tomb by the last shot fired at Omdurman in September, 1898.

Mr. Cross, of the "Manchester Guardian," and Mr. Garrett, of the "New York Herald," and many

other correspondents died from fever and cholera during the march on Omdurman.

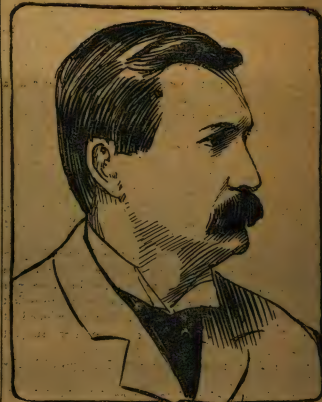
In return for the continuous daily risk the war correspondent is generally well paid. His salary may range anywhere from £500 to £2,000 per annum, and his expenses from £5 to £20 per day. The most expensive item for the newspaper is the cables, which amount to a colossal sum during a big war. The "Daily Mail" has paid as much as £600 for one cable describing a battle.

At the present time in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria the "Mail" has trustworthy correspondents at every important centre to collect news and a rapid steamer to facilitate its quick dispatch. The cost of such a staff in conjunction with the cable service runs into thousands of pounds weekly.

During the South African War the "Daily Mail" had a larger proportion of correspondents injured in the field than any other three daily papers together.

This was accounted for by the fact that they were all picked men, who were known and well tested for their keen knowledge of news and enthusiastic zeal in the performance of their duties.

So far Mr. McKenzie is the only correspondent in the East who has met with an accident in the Russo-Japanese war, but now that the Japanese have commenced the attack on land it is highly probable that other members of the "Daily Mail" staff may be injured in their strenuous quest for the first news of a battle.



MR. E. F. KNIGHT, who represented the "Morning Post" in the Boer war, had his arm amputated in consequence of a bullet wound at Belmont.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]



ARCHIBALD FORBES, one of the most notable war correspondents of his day. In his great news-getting exploits for the "Daily News" in Zululand he had some marvellous escapes.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF A MINER.

For no class of human toiler is more sympathy expressed than for the miner, and none deserves it more. Given the best of health and spirits, his task is a struggle that is hazardous and trying in the extreme. But, being infinitely worse in his lot when his constitution proves unequal to the strain, and he becomes a prey to Nervous Exhaustion—that insidious forerunner of all disease, and which no drugs can cure! His work is so fatiguing that his life becomes well-nigh unbearable. It was such a fate that descended on Mr. E. Hughes, a Rhondda miner, whose Debility was quickly followed by indigestion and, afterwards, Heart Weakness. Here is Mr. Hughes's own story:—

40, Jones Street, Clydach Vale, Rhondda, S. Wales.

March 22, 1904.

DEAR SIR,

In December last I purchased your No. 5 Battery Belt for Nervous Exhaustion, Indigestion, and Weak Action of the Heart. I gave up all medicine, and relied on your Belt alone. In a few weeks' time I found myself becoming less nervous, my stomach gained strength every day, and in a short time I was able to eat my food, and retain it. And so the improvement went on, until now I am able to report that I am enjoying the most robust health, and feel better than ever I have felt. I can now do a day's work with the greatest ease, and do not feel fatigued at the end of a day.

I am working in the Cambrian Collieries, and before I saw your advertisement I had tried all kinds of medicine without the slightest benefit, and was rapidly losing flesh and muscle. I can truly say that it was your Belt, with God's blessing, that wrought this wonderful change. I recommend your treatment to anyone I meet.

With heartfelt gratitude,

I remain, yours sincerely,

E. HUGHES.



ARE YOU "RUN DOWN" ?

moment. Delay is extremely dangerous. Your system has been so undermined that you are in a perilously receptive state for contracting any disease with which you may come into contact. In fact, it is very rare that the symptoms of Nervous Exhaustion are found alone. Indigestion and Constipation, with all their train of maladies, often come as the second stage. WRITE US TO-DAY. State your case carefully, and we will advise you free. We will also send you a remarkable book, which contains conclusive proof of all our claims for

THE PULVERMACHER ELECTRIC BELT.

We will send, too, a pamphlet full of new testimonials similar to the above. Removing, as it does, both cause and effect by going straight to the seat of the trouble and revitalising the nerve centres, the Pulvermacher Electric Belt has had unparalleled success in curing Rheumatism, Gout, and other Blood Diseases; Indigestion, Constipation, and all Liver Troubles; Kidney Disease or Weak Back; and Women's Disorders.

THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL ALLOWED.

To show our confidence in its curative powers we allow Thirty Days' Trial of our Belt. The Trial will cost you nothing if you are not cured.

CALL OR WRITE TO-DAY.

ADDRESS LETTERS:—

THE SUPERINTENDENT, PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,

Removed from 194, Regent Street, W. 41, VULCAN HOUSE, 56, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1848.

AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.

MILES FAMILIOE: A scoundrel who went through a mock marriage with Pauline.

DRUMMOND: Escaped and was shot dead by Pauline's husband.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.

PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles FAMILIOE.

SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.

JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.

ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham. Has disappeared.

FADIAS GINSWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.

INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER XLIII. (continued.)

"You wished to see me?" the man said; unconsciously his voice fell into the polite interest of the practitioner, his strange eyes roved over Pauline's face as though seeking to diagnose at a glance the malady from which she suffered.

"Yes." The affirmation fell with a dull conclusiveness from Pauline's lips; her tongue felt tied, she had no words wherewith to clothe the thoughts which hurried thick and fast one on the other in her mind.

"Ah, yes. Won't you sit down?" They faced each other. Pauline felt desperate. She laid down her sunshade and seated herself in the seat he indicated.

"I have come, Dr. Westall, to ask your help in a very difficult and delicate matter," she began nervously, and it seemed to her that her listener's face hardened. Unaccustomed as she was to solicit personal or vicarious benefits, Pauline winced at the thought, and blundered into her subject clumsily.

"You do not remember me, I suppose?" she asked quickly.

Dr. Westall referred to the card he held in his hand. "I do not think I have had the pleasure of meeting you," he replied. "I think I have met Mr. Woodruffe casually. Of course," he added, with a honeyed smile, "Mr. Woodruffe's name is very well known indeed."

"I was not Mrs. Woodruffe when we met first," said Pauline.

"Indeed." He raised his eyebrows with an inquiry, which had in it something perilously akin to insolence. Pauline, meeting the glance of those strange eyes, felt that even had he not done her the wrong in the past, she must have hated him instinctively, hated, and perhaps feared him.

"My name was Graham," she said. "We met eight years ago, to be precise, in such a quaint little out-of-the-way place I am sure you cannot possibly forget it—Settle-on-Sea."

Her eyes never left his face. She could have sworn that at the mention of the name Graham a shade of expression difficult to analyse crossed his face; the mention of Settle-on-Sea found it as immovable as a mask. He laughed easily and pleasantly.

"Eight years ago," he said, with an amused intonation. "It is really a remarkably long time ago, and I am ashamed to say that our meeting has quite slipped my memory. As for Settle-on-Sea—don't you think you are mistaken? I have no recollection of ever being there. Of course, one knows it by reputation immensely well, and I believe that nowadays it is extremely fashionable." He shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. "I must even plead guilty to sometimes ordering my patients there."

Pauline clasped her gloved hands nervously together, but still her sombre eyes never relaxed their scrutiny of the man's face. "I think it must be lapse of memory," she said quite sweetly. "I know it was Settle-on-Sea. It is quite impossible that I could forget it. You were there—and surely you remember it?—with your friend, Miles FAMILIOE."

"Miles FAMILIOE?" he repeated. This time there was no possible doubt that his face had darkened considerably. "Ah, yes, I remember Miles FAMILIOE. Poor chap! That was the fellow who came the other day to such a sticky end. We were great chums at one time in our life; we were at Brasenose together. But I have seen nothing of him of late years; our ways of life were somewhat different." The man's eyes, so it seemed to Pauline, sought the pictured cleric on the mantelpiece with an unconscious imitation as he ended his remarks with a sigh.

Pauline's hopes revived. If the man admitted knowing FAMILIOE quite readily, it was conceivable that he might even be brought to admit the escape. Certainly, in a matter of life and death men, if they are good men and true, are willing to admit past faults in palliation of present suffering.

She leaned forward again, and put out her hand with a pretty little gesture of pleading. "Dr. Westall, please—please try and remember Settle-on-Sea, it is immensely important to me that you should do so."

The man looked at her searchingly, then screwed up his face with a whimsical effort at concentration.

"My dear lady," he said after a pause, "I would do anything in the world to oblige you, but I am afraid I cannot remember what did not occur. Would a generous effort of imagination on my part do as well? I could at will summon up the most charming recollections of the picturesque old coast town."

Pauline flung back her head with a quick movement, half despair, half irritation. "Dr. Westall, I assure you," she said earnestly, "it is a matter of the utmost importance—a matter which affects the life and happiness of several people. After all, why should I endeavour to conceal anything from you? It's not a pleasant matter, but life is not pleasant, and it's all long ago; it can matter very little to you now, and it matters Heaven and earth to me. Do you remember one June morning when out of the very brilliancy of your health and happiness you assisted Miles FAMILIOE to play a cruel trick on me? Perhaps it didn't seem very much to you then. You knew nothing about me, who I was—to you I was only a girl, a toy, a plaything. It seemed all a huge joke, amusing and witty. Oh, don't you remember now; surely you remember!"

The man looked at her almost apprehensively. She could not tell what his feelings were. His eyes, so singular in their oddity, were fixed upon her face with a penetrating look, distinctly the look of a physician. "My dear lady," he said, "I am sure that you are mistaken. You believe me to be other than what I am. I assure you that I have no recollection of ever meeting you, and I emphatically affirm that I have never in my life visited Settle-on-Sea. Surely you will believe me? Had one ever met so charming a lady, forgetfulness would be an impossibility."

"You would not give a starving woman a stone," cried out Pauline in despair. "For God's sake do not offer a desperate woman compliments. It is no case of mistaken identity. You are a marked man, Dr. Westall; from your birth you must have known that. Your eyes betray you, your Northumbrian voice betrays you, but in the day that I knew you, in the day when you helped Miles FAMILIOE to play the trick on me which has gone so far to ruin my life, you bore another name." She strove desperately with herself, and in a thrill of memory the name she had sought so long came to her. She looked at him accusingly. "In those days, it was not Bernard Westall," she said distinctly, "but Herbert Macacris, priest in holy orders."

If she had expected the man to look cowed, impressed, even moderately interested, Pauline was disappointed. He stared at her for a moment, then burst into a little laugh. "My dear Mrs. Woodruffe," he said soothingly, "had I not been extremely well acquainted with you by reputation I should most assuredly have regarded you as being mentally unhinged. As it is, I can only repeat my former assertion that you have mistaken me for some other person."

He spoke with an air of finality, and rose politely enough, but with a distinct appearance of desiring to bring the conversation to a conclusion. Pauline felt the ground giving beneath a woman's conviction by intuition, which is a hundred times stronger than a man's conviction by logic, that this Bernard Westall who stood before her, smiling saucily, if a little pityingly, and the young, smooth-faced cleric who had united her in the blasphemous ceremony to the dead Miles FAMILIOE were one and the same. She cast discretion to the wind, staking her all on a single throw.

"Could you swear in God's name," she cried wildly, "that you are not the man who married me to Miles FAMILIOE, on the morning of June 18, eight years ago? Could you swear that on that occasion you did not speak to me with the utmost gravity on the responsibilities of matrimony, exercise what you called the officiating right to kiss me on the cheek? Oh," she burst out, with a sudden fire, "it is a cruel and a despicable thing for any man to concoct; but it is over and done, and cannot be helped, but the consequences to me remain—terrible, unforeseen consequences."

The man interrupted her with a deprecating gesture. "Mrs. Woodruffe, you pain me inexpressibly. I cannot bear that you should lay open to me any secret of your life which must of necessity cause you distress. Of course, a doctor, like a clergyman, by very virtue of his profession, is made acquainted with many strange secrets, but I do not come to you as a professional, and I do not intend to insist in listening to what is obviously intended for other ears."

She rose to her feet also. "Ah, when a woman has gone through what I have gone through," she cried sharply, "it is not easy to deceive her—to play the great game of bluff with her. You cannot swear, Dr. Westall, that you were not the man."

"Madam, it would be ridiculous of me to bring the name of sacred things into the matter. I have already denied all knowledge of the distressing circumstances at which you hint."

But Pauline refused to be misled. From pleading she passed to threats.

"What you did," she said, with insulting emphasis, "is a punishable offence, but I have no desire to insist upon that aspect of it. All I want from you is a private admission to my husband that you did this thing, unthinkingly, with a youthful ignorance and disregard of its gravity or consequences. Nothing more, nothing less."

"A most moderate request," said Westall, ironically. He looked at her sneeringly. He was a tall, slim man, who bore his forty years with consummate ease, and looked barely a day over thirty-five. Apart from the peculiarity of his odd eyes, he was merely one of those light-haired, tawny mustached, and neatly-built men which Nature

in England turns out from her mould by the hundred dozen.

Pauline, looking at him, suddenly realised that had she addressed one of the stone gargoyles which adorn the outside of Notre Dame she would have had as much chance of touching a chord of sympathy, yet as the idolatrous Israelites continued in spite of the mocking of Elijah to call incessantly upon their god, so Pauline called upon this fetish of hope, which she had erected in the innermost shrine of her heart ever since the night John Woodruffe had learnt the truth.

"If you cannot deny it, will not deny it," she said, "it must be true. Besides, I know it is true."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I have denied it, not once, but many times, Mrs. Woodruffe," he said sharply, "but when a lady says she knows, is any argument possible?"

"You refuse to swear?" repeated Pauline, doggedly. For a moment there was silence in the room. Feverishly in her mind she marshalled her arguments, her hopes, and theories, scanned with eager eyes all her armory of defence, and still found entreaty her best weapon.

She moved across the room swiftly to where he stood before the flower-filled grate, and laid light fingers on his arm. "No one need ever know," she said, in a low voice. "It would be a matter between my husband and myself. All I want is your word that what I believed to be a marriage took place. It would prove to my husband that I am not a wanton"—her voice rose on a little scale of pain. "Can you not understand what it must be to a woman with a husband she idolises, after years of married life, after the woman has become the mother of his child, for her husband to discover that she was previously married? That is what has happened with me. Miles FAMILIOE married me, so I thought and believed; then deserted me. His death was reported; everyone thought he was dead, everyone. The shock broke his father's heart. Five years after, believing myself free, I married John Woodruffe. Surely you know his reputation, his aims, and ideals well enough to understand the sort of woman to whom his heart would go out. I had never relinquished my maiden name, at Miles's request, and when John Woodruffe asked me to be his wife, believing me to be utterly innocent, utterly ignorant of the world, fear and love sealed my tongue. I couldn't tell him what had happened in the past. So we were married, and lived so happily, as I believe no other people have ever lived, till the sea, so to speak, gave up its dead, and Miles FAMILIOE returned."

Pauline's voice ceased a moment through sheer emotion, but the man made no comment. He stood rigidly beside her, her hands still lying lightly on his arm.

"The shock was hideous enough," she went on hurriedly, "but nothing to what followed, for then, eight years afterwards, when I was a wife and a mother, he told me that the ceremony which had bound me to him was a sham, a sop to my innocence—God knows the words are branded on my brain. He told me that I was what in my husband's sight would be worse than a woman who had entered into marriage believing her husband to be dead—that I was—" her voice failed her.

"My dear lady," said Westall, gravely, "what you tell me distresses me beyond words. I wish that it were in my power to help you, but it is not. I can only hope that your husband, knowing your true, sweet, and pure character, will realise that you were the victim of a scoundrel, and treat you with the consideration which such misfortune calls for, and that, now that the man is dead, things will right themselves naturally."

"Things can never right themselves without your assistance," murmured Pauline faintly. "In the strictest confidence I may tell you that Miles FAMILIOE, who had the heart of a fiend, with his dying breath assured my husband that I was a creature of light character, and had never been his wife, even in name. Naturally, as any decent man would, he hates me, loathes and despises me, and were it not for the sake of the child, would proclaim what he calls my infamy to the world, the merciful, gaping world. To alter all this requires but a word from you."

The man took a few steps away from her and halted before the picture of the beautiful woman which had attracted Pauline's attention while she waited. He stood before it for a second or two; then he turned. "Come here, Mrs. Woodruffe, for a moment," he said in a low voice.

Pauline obeyed.

"Six months ago," Westall began in a strained voice, "the original of that picture became my wife. You see her, you realise from that that she is beautiful; in actuality she is a hundred times more lovely. But that is nothing. In nature she is the purest, fairest, and most innocent creature that ever breathed. She has two gods, sweet pagan that she is!—her father and myself—which shows the blindness of idolatry, for he is the most empty-headed, cold-blooded fossil which ever appeared humanity, and I am what you think me—a scoundrel—or was. But for her sake that is past. I am now what she believes me, and what she believes me I intend to remain. There are no secrets to be raked up out of my past; no one who has any hold over me. Do you think it likely, Mrs. Woodruffe, as a woman of the world, that I would voluntarily do anything which might risk, however remotely, the position to which I have climbed so arduously—the love which has come to me so miraculously?" He laughed shortly. "No, I may be a knave, but I am not a fool, and I have no intention of proving myself one, for anyone's sake."

"Then you admit it," cried Pauline wildly, "you admit that you are the man."

"I admit nothing. I merely place a hypothetical situation before you, and ask you to judge."

Pauline laughed harshly and contemptuously. "I am not a fool either. If I denounce you to the world, crush instead of plead—"?

"I credit you with immense common sense," he said. "I—"

At that moment three taps came at the door—three light fluttering taps. Pauline started.

"That is my wife," whispered Westall. "She is weary of waiting. I am afraid I must ask you to leave me."

Pauline, thus dismissed, took up her sunshade. "I shall send my husband to see you," she began. "Socially, I shall be charmed to meet Mr. Woodruffe," he said, with an iron ring in his voice, which all his suavity could not mask.

He accompanied Pauline to the lift, watched her politely down. A few minutes later she left the hotel, but as she journeyed back to the Villa Gloriette, through all the fatigue and mental lassitude which exhaustion produced, she was conscious of a glimmer of hope. The sea might be rough, the currents strong, yet her feet had at least-toilched ground. She had found the man, drawn a practical acknowledgment from him. With John Woodruffe lay the rest.

She entered the cool hall in the growing dusk with a happier sensation than she had experienced since she had set foot in France. As she reached the staircase the butler came out from the little room used as a library. "Is Mr. Woodruffe in?" she asked.

The man looked at her with obvious astonishment on his smooth face.

"Mr. Woodruffe, my lady?" he said. "No, he left shortly after five, to catch the boat train for London."

To be continued to-morrow.

WITH THIS WEEK'S
'HOME FASHIONS'
IS GIVEN AWAY A
PAPER PATTERN—with diagram and full
instructions how to make some of these
CYCLING KNICKERS.



ON SALE TO-DAY. Of all Newsagents
Price 1d. Everywhere.

BLOUSES

You Need Not Pay
10/6 for a 10/6 Blouse if
you buy from the makers,
have the retailer's profit
by buying direct.
For example, this handsome
Blouse
ACCORDION PLEATED,
trimmed figured work
and lace, made in a
beauty!
CLOTHS VEILING
cloths in 1200, lovely
shades, we sell for 3/6
3d. extra for postage.
Our Gowns—
lounge will
interest you.
Send a
postcard.
3/6
BAKER BOOBY & Co.
No. 27 Warehouse,
Voluntary Place,
WANSTEAD, Essex.

FIX'D BY GUM.
HUNT'S
LIQUID BLACKLEAD.
Lasting and Brilliant.
No dust, little labour. Of Oilmen and Grocers, 1d., 3d., 6d.
Patented, 28, Stokenchurch-street, Fulham.

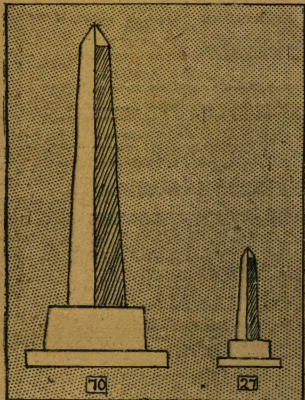
RIDER AGENTS WANTED
One to each district to ride and exhibit a
complete 100 Cycles. Write for terms after.
Highest grade fully warranted
British Made Cycles
£2 10 to £6
New Superior Coaster Lists. Best makes
Cycles, and best known equipment.
200 Second Hand Cycles
all makes, **£1 to £2.10**
Great factory clearing sale at half price
plus 10% discount. Write for terms.
Ten Days' Free Trial
on every cycle.
Bundled without question (if not perfectly satisfied) return
free of charge. No money back.
EARN A CYCLE taking orders for our Agents we make
the large profit. Write at once for terms and
free literature. Send 2d. stamp for reply. No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 359 H
35, Parkside Road, Liverpool, & 10, Gilling Cross Road, Leeds.

For the convenience of customers
J. W. HENSON, LTD., have adopted
THE TIMES System of 20
MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Catalogue
T-115 and particulars, 20, Old Broad
Street, W.

HOW MEN AND WOMEN MARRY.

Curious Figures Which Show When the "Risks" of Matrimony Are Greatest.

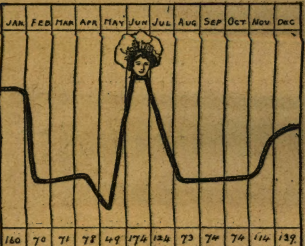
Most people look upon marriage as a very hazardous sort of affair, and imagine that accurate prediction in connection with this all-important event of our lives is entirely out of the question.



on the average lasts 27 years, or more than a third of the three-score-and-ten years which make up the allotted span. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

But, as a matter of fact, it is just as easy for the statistician to speak authoritatively on marriage as on any other subject.

For instance, he knows quite well how 1,000 marrying women—women, that is to say, who are destined from birth to become wives—will "go off." Before they reach the age of twenty 149 of these will find husbands. During the next ten years 680 more will pair off—829 being thus disposed of before the age of thirty is reached. Of the remaining 174, partners will be found for 111 before forty; 41 more will settle down between



for weddings, as all the world knows, is **May**. May is considered the most **unlucky** month. Hence the proverb: "**Marry in May and repent for aye.**" [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

this age and fifty; while the laggard 19 are left to meet their fate at any time between fifty and seventy-five or so.

Men, when married tries by the thousand, show a quite different series of figures. Under the age of twenty, only 35 take to themselves wives. They are for the most part too much occupied just then in making a living to think at all seriously of matrimony. But between twenty and thirty—no less than 731 succumb to the charms of the fair sex. Then, of the fast-windings thousand, 144 join the wedded majority ere forty is reached; 52 more go before fifty; and the remaining 38—they must be very hard to please—go off gradually in the autumn and winter of their lives. By

reference to the accompanying chart the reader may estimate to some extent his or her chances in this eternal lottery.

When my lady is asked to name the happy day, it is often her pleasure to dally with time, much to the discomfort of her love-sick swain. Thus the impression is abroad that marriages are distributed among the months according to the whims and fancies of womankind. But nothing could be more erroneous.

Statistics prove that there is a fate which controls weddings, allotting them with perfect regularity to the various seasons of the year. In England the majority of weddings take place at Christmas and in June. Out of 1,200 marriages, for instance, 174 are celebrated in the month of roses and river pinks, while 289 take place between the first day of December and the last day of January.

The average of springtime weddings is quite paltry, despite all that poets have said to the contrary. In March, out of 1,200, we get 71 weddings, in April 76, and in May—the unlucky month—only 49, the lowest record for the whole year. After this, who will dare to aver that the bold Briton has left behind him the age of superstition?

To the casual observer the supposition that the majority of the population is bound together in

couple, and you will find that 139 of the men had already tasted the bliss of wedded life, while the remaining 861 took the vows for the first time. On the other hand, we shall find that, previous to the wedding-day, 902 of the ladies were spinsters, while ninety-eight had worn widow's weeds.

By combining these figures we find that out of 1,000 couples—2,000 individuals, that is to say—1,783 had never before been married, while 237 entered upon matrimony for the second—perhaps, even, for the third or fourth—time.

And what is the outcome of all this marrying and giving in marriage? Political economists tell us that upon the healthful increase of its population the prosperity and well-being of a nation largely depends. Therefore, we may ask, without impropriety, how many little sons and daughters are likely to fall to the lot of each married couple?

A Family of Three and Three-fifths.

We are informed by the statistician that—provided the couple be of English nationality—they will add, on an average, three and three-fifths to the population of their country. This sounds rather gruesome, and by taking ten couples instead of one we can avoid fractions. Every ten English weddings result in an addition of thirty-six to our population.

In Scotland, for some unknown reason, every ten couples give birth to forty children. France, it may be noted, for the sake of comparison, adds only twenty-seven to her population for every

MARRIAGE AND THE CENSUS RETURNS.



Every ten marriages mean an increase to the population of 65 in Russia, 40 in Scotland, 36 in England, and 27 in France. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

matrimony is a somewhat natural one. Such a conclusion, however, is very incorrect. It has been proved that those rejoicing in single blessedness far outnumber the combined forces of the married and the widowed.

To prove this, let us sort out an average thousand of the population into such groups. We shall need a big sack for the unmarried, for it must hold no less than 602. The married, or middle-sized sack, will be found to contain 345 when the sorting is complete; while in the little sack, reserved for widowed persons, there will be fifty-three. It should be remembered, however, in connection with these figures, that an average thousand of the whole population has been dealt with.

The big sack, therefore, must contain a good many babies and children, too young for marriage—this fact in measure accounting for the extraordinary preponderance of the single over the married contingent.

Another interesting point is the average duration of married life. In England this is twenty-seven years. Taking, therefore, the popular idea of a lifetime as our standard—that is seventy years—we find that the average man passes more than one-third of this period with the woman of his choice.

The duration of the Frenchman's married life is one year less than the Englishman's, while in Holland and Belgium the figure stands at twenty-three years only. Russia, on the other hand, is the luckiest of all the European Powers in this respect. The average married life of her subjects is thirty years.

The state or condition of the individual, when he or she takes the marriage vow, forms a curious contrast. Take a thousand recently-married

ten marriages, while Russia has the large average of sixty-five. The very early age at which Russians marry is doubtless the cause of this, and in a measure explains the high average duration of married life which obtains in the dominions of the Tsar.



MATRIMONIAL SACKS

which illustrate the proportion between the married, unmarried, and widowed in this country. The sacks contain average thousands, and the result is: Married, 345; unmarried, 602; widowed, 53. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

100 yards handicap, with 8½ yards start, in 10sec., and with 27 yards start, was similarly successful in the 300 yards handicap—time, 35sec.

A half-mile open handicap was won by C. S. Savage, of the Highgate Harriers, with 77 yards start, in 2min. 0.4-sec.

Four Miles Open Walking Handicap.—A. Millward, of the Harriers' A.C., with 510 yards start, beat F. Topliss, Northampton Institute H., 500 yards start, by about 1½0 yards.

Six teams took part in the Three Miles Inter-Club Race. The Belgrave Harriers won with the low score of seven points (supplying in W. Edwards, G. F. Pepper, and A. Hunsdon, the first, second, and fourth men home); the Cambridge Harriers were second with 19 points.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

A varied programme of sports was decided by the above-named association at Elm Park, Lea Bridge, yesterday. In the flat events R. Sheehan, Millesians' 150-yds Beagles, won the 100-yards handicap from scratch.

The quarter-mile handicap fell to J. O'Dwyer, Hibernians, 25 yards start. Slinging the 50lb. weight was won by E. Barrett, scratch, 29½ min. It was won by R. Sheehan in putting the 16lb. shot. A half-mile handicap was won by T. J. Quilter, Hibernians and Finchley H.

SHRUBB AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

Only four days have elapsed since Alfred Shrub (the one mile, four miles, and ten miles flat, and national, international, and Southern Counties cross-country champion and record holder) forsook cross-country running in favour of the "track." Yet he has already commenced—or rather recommenced—a winning career on the flat. Yesterday at Leatherhead sports he won the three miles invitation level race, and also secured third prize, from scratch, in the one mile open handicap.

Yesterday John Dorrington, seven, of 83, Hemmestree, Wandsworth-road, whilst crossing the road near his home was knocked down by a motor-bicycle. He was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital suffering from concussion and injury to the shoulder.

PATRIOTIC SHAVING.

"Every Hairless Russian Means Death to Japanese."

The Moghileff newspapers give publicity to an extraordinary occurrence which took place at Dubovo on March 19. One morning an elderly stranger appeared in the street with a hairless face and head shaven as close as a billiard ball. When a crowd of jeering boys collected, the stranger turned towards them and threatened them

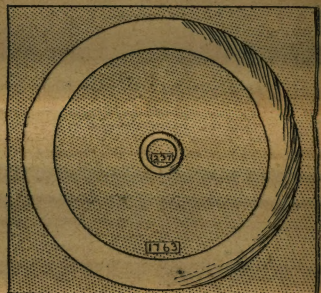


MATRIMONIAL CHART

which shows the ages at which a thousand men and women enter married life. It is noticeable that 149 women marry under 20, and 35 men marry in their teens. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

in the well-known voice of the "starosta" or headman, Taras Artasoff.

The villagers immediately held a "skhodka," or meeting of the Communal Council, to consider whether a headman without a beard or hair could be allowed to hold office; but, much to their astonishment, Artasoff declared that the shaving of the face and head was a patriotic duty. In the night Abraham had appeared to him, and told him that hair on the head was a "covenant of original sin," and that if Russia desired victory her



MARRIAGE RINGS

are here compared to illustrate the proportion between those persons in every thousand marriages who have been married previously and those who are marrying for the first time. The large ring represents those who have not been married before. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

sons must sacrifice their hair, moustaches, beards, and eyebrows, and even pull out their eyelashes. Each hairless Russian meant death to a hundred Japanese.

The "skhodka" thereupon decided to imitate the headman, and last Tuesday, when a newspaper reporter visited the district, he found that all the men and several of the older women were absolutely hairless.

Several men who had refused to obey the communal decree had their allotments confiscated and been expelled from the village.

BANK HOLIDAY SPORTS.

Cycling and Motor Meetings at the Crystal Palace and Canning Town.

Meetings were held all over the country yesterday, the results at the chief meetings being as follow:—

FINCHLEY HARRIERS.

Beyond a slight shower the weather kept fine for the Bank Holiday sports at Wembley Park, 4,000 spectators attending. The principal event on the programme—a three mile inter-club race—was won by A. Aldridge, Highgate H., closely haunted home by G. Pearce, of the same club. Results:—

Seven Miles Open Walking Handicap.—H. W. Hines, Finchley H., 16min. 17min. 1. J. H. Davenport, Finchley H., 7min. 2. Time, 67min. 15sec.

100 Yards Open Handicap.—A. E. Burberry, Finchley H., 8 yards; 1. Fred Smith, Finchley H., 11 yards, 2. Time, 10.1-sec.

Half-Mile Open Handicap.—S. J. Woolley, Highgate H., 75 yards; 1. W. G. Eade, Finchley H., 2. Time, 2min. 4.5-sec.

Wrestling (Cumberland and Westmorland)—Winners: A. Rose, 101 stone competition; F. Rose, 12 stone competition.

300 Yards Open Handicap.—J. Ellingham, Elstree A.C., 28 yards; 1. F. Smith, Finchley H., 27. 2. Time, 34sec.

Three Miles Open Inter-Club Race.—A. Aldridge, 1. C. Pearce, 2. S. J. Woolley, 3. G. Still, 4. The first four men belong to the Highgate Harriers, who won the team prize with the minimum aggregate of 10 points.

Elstree A.C., 33 points, were second.

One Mile Open Handicap.—W. E. Gillson, Finchley H., 150 yards; 1. H. Deanssen, Belgrave H., 175, 2. Time, 5min. 5sec.

BRIGHTON CYCLISTS' CLUB.

At Preston Park. Results:—Half-Mile Open Cycle Handicap.—W. H. Giles, Lyric C.C., 1. A. Olen, Mite C.C., 2. Time, 1min. 4.2-sec.

One Mile Open Cycle Handicap.—H. N. Edwards, Balmham, 130 yards, 1. Time, 2min. 42sec.

Two Miles Open Running Handicap.—P. L. Parker, Herne Hill H., 340 yards; 1. J. G. Cox, Brighton and County H., 210, 2. Time, 9min. 42.1-sec.

CANNING TOWN MEETING.

A one mile tandem match, between H. G. Appleton and W. F. Edmunds, of Bristol, and Leon Meredith, and A. E. Wills, of London, resulted in a win for the last named on the post, in 2min. 55sec.

Will beat Meredith, the 25 miles champion, by a few inches in a two-miles invitation scratch race, in 5min. 44.5-sec., with Edmunds, the one mile ex-champion, 2nd.

A half-mile handicap fell to G. F. Wood, Polytechnic C.C., from the 85-yards mark, in 1min. 0.4-sec., and a one mile race to Leon Meredith, Paddington C.C., 35 yards, in 2min. 6sec.

A tug of war was won by the "B" (Chelsea) Division of Police, whose team, of ten men, weighed 155½ lb.

ARNLEY AT THE PALACE.

At the Crystal Palace the Arnley B.C. held a cycle meeting comprising five events. Important results:—One Mile Handicap.—F. E. Cannon, Beaumont C.C., one mile start, 1. W. A. Nagler, Pembroke C.C., 90, 2. Time, 2min. 10.1-sec.

Half-Mile Scratch Race.—H. D. Buck, Arnley B.C., 1. L. Reed, Polytechnic C.C., 2. Time, 1min. 15.5-sec.

Half-Mile Handicap.—E. McDonough, Putney A.C., 89 yards; 1. G. J. Calder, Polytechnic C.C., 2. Time, 1min. 1.4-sec.

Ten Miles Scratch Race.—A. L. Reed, Polytechnic C.C., 1. H. D. Buck, Arnley B.C., 2. Time, 30min. 3.1-sec.

NORTHAMPTON INSTITUTE HARRIERS.

The first athletic meeting on the famous Tuffnell Park ground since (owing largely to the good sportsmanship of Lieut.-Colonel E. T. Tull, M.P.) that enclosure was rescued from the builders' hands, took place yesterday.

T. Poole, a member of the promoting club, opened a double win. He secured first prize in the "open"

MANCHESTER PROGRAMME.

2.0-EASTERN HANDICAP STEEPCHASE of 200
Duke of Westminster's Brandy a 12 10
Mr. Peter Walker's Flitter a 12 10
Mr. W. M. Singer's Harwood a 12 10
Mr. J. Barker's Ambridge a 12 10
Mr. A. Yates's Monty a 12 10
Mr. McKinn's Malham a 12 10
Mr. W. Longworth's Garnish II a 12 10

2.30-CROMWELL SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

3.0-JUBILEE HANDICAP HURDLE Race of 1,000
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

3.30-TUESDAY SELLING HURDLE Race of 100
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

4.0-CHEETHAM HANDICAP HURDLE Race of 100
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

4.30-IRWELL HANDICAP STEEPCHASE of 100
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

Mr. A. Buckle's Sabine King a 12 10
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

Mr. A. Buckle's Sabine King a 12 10
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

Mr. A. Buckle's Sabine King a 12 10
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

Mr. A. Buckle's Sabine King a 12 10
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

Mr. A. Buckle's Sabine King a 12 10
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

Mr. A. Buckle's Sabine King a 12 10
Mr. C. Hibbert's Pomfret a 12 10
Mr. O. H. Jones's Octoron Girl a 12 10
Mr. W. H. Moore's Tenshore a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10
Mr. F. G. Harper's Champagne a 12 10

EASTER FOOTBALL.

England Beats Scotland, and
the Arsenal Win Two Much-
needed Points.

Some very interesting football was played yesterday. Nearly all the county competitions were brought to a conclusion, and the Amateur and Army Cup competitions were also concluded. At Manchester the English League beat the Scottish League after the Scots had led by 1 to 0 at half-time. Woolwich Arsenal improved their position in their fight for first League honours by beating Glossop by 2 to 1 at Plumstead, but it was not a great display. Millwall continued to carry all before them in the premier division of the London League, beating Queen's Park Rangers easily. The 'Spurs went down before Portsmouth by a goal to nothing in the Southern League, and West Ham, who beat Southampton on Christmas morning at Canning Town, managed to draw at Southampton, and thus captured three of the four points from the Saints. Plymouth Argyle accomplished another fine performance this Easter by beating Reading at Elm Park.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

ASSOCIATION.
English League (h), 2; Scottish League, 1.
LEAGUE-Division I.
Wolverhampton Wanderers (h), 0; Stoke, 0.
Sunderland (h), 2; Norwich, 1.
Small Heath (h), 1; Bury, 0.
Notts (h), 2; Sheffield Wednesday, 0.
Division II.
Barnley (h), 1; Bolton Wanderers, 0.
Grimsby (h), 1; Blackpool, 2.
Burton United (h), 0; Burnley, 1.
Walsley (h), 1; Gillingham, 1.
Leicester Fosse (h), 2; Gainsborough Trinity, 2.
Chesterfield (h), 1; Bradford City, 1.
SOUTHERN LEAGUE.
Southampton (h), 1; West Ham, 1.
Plymouth Argyle, 3; Reading (h), 1.
Northampton (h), 0; Aston, 0.
Portsmouth (h), 1; Tottenham Hotspur, 0.
Wellingborough (h), 2; Kettering, 2.
MIDLAND LEAGUE.
Sheffield Wednesday (h), 2; Chesterfield Res., 0.
Newark (h), 4; Derby County Res., 1.
Doncaster Rovers (h), 2; Barnsley Res., 1.
Rotherham (h), 2; Gainsborough Trinity Res., 0.
Sheffield United Res. (h), 5; Grimsby Rovers, 0.
Thornhill (h), 0; Wigan, 0.
LONDON LEAGUE-Former Division.
Millwall (h), 2; Queen's Park Rangers, 0.
Fulham, 1; Brentford, 0.
AMATEUR CUP-Final.
Sheffield, 3; Ealing, 1.
MIDDLESEX CUP-Final.
Shepherd's Bush, 2; Richmond Association, 0.
WELSH CUP-Final.
Drishti, 5; Aberdare, 2.
ESSEX CUP-Final.
Tilford, 7; South Weald, 0.
GLOUCESTER CUP-Final.
Bristol City (h), 2; Bristol Rovers, 1.
ARMY CUP-Final.
Royal Marine Artillery, 1; Service Batt. Royal Eng., 0.
OTHER MATCHES.
Aston Villa (h), 2; Third Lanark, 0.
Glasgow (h), 0; Partick Thistle, 0.
Newcastle United (h), 2; Queen's Park 1.
Sheffield Schools, 4; South London Schools (h), 0.

RUGBY.
West Hampton (h), 18 pts; Llanelli, 0.
Bridgewater Albion (h), 16 pts; Pontyfrid, 0.
St. de Francis, 8 pts; U.C.S. Old Boys (h), 0.
Gloucester 5 pts; Bristol (h), 0.
Swansea, 22 pts; Barbours, 0.
Old Merchant Taylors, 10 pts; Ketter, 0.
Wolverhampton (h), 15 pts; Dublin Old Wesley, 5.
Llanelli (h), 25 pts; Manchester Welsh, 0.
Cardiff, 29 pts; Bath (h), 0.
Broughton Park, 9 pts; Bath (h), 0.
Newport (h), 12 pts; Leicester, 0.
Northampton, 3 pts; Ebbw Vale, 0.
R.N.C., 21 pts; Ealing (h), 0.

NORTHERN UNION.
LEAGUE-Division I.
Oldham (h), 11 pts; Swinton, 2.
Hunslet (h), 7 pts; Halifax, 0.
Rochdale (h), 5 pts; Hull, 5.
Salford, 5 pts; Wigan (h), 2.
Broughton Rangers (h), 11 pts; Keighley, 5.
Division II.
Bramley (h), 10 pts; Pontefract, 7.
Debury, 2 pts; York (h), 0.
Brighouse Rangers (h), 0; Rochdale Hornets, 0.
Birkenhead (h), 7 pts; Normanton, 2.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.
ASSOCIATION.
LEAGUE-Division II.
Barnley: Barnsley v. Burnley.
SOUTHERN LEAGUE.
Brighton: Brighton and Hove Albion v. Luton.
Northampton: Northampton v. Kettering.
Tottenham: Tottenham Hotspur v. New Brompton.
Fulham: Fulham v. Swindon.
WESTERN LEAGUE.
Kenil Rise: Queen's Park Rangers v. Bristol Rovers.
Brentford: Brentford v. Plymouth Argyle.
Canning Town: West Ham United v. Chesham.

MIDLAND LEAGUE.
Hinckley: Hinckley v. Grimsby Town Res.
Northampton: Notts Forest Res. v. Sheffield United Res.
Rotherham: Rotherham v. Barnsley Res.
Thornhill: Thornhill v. Sheffield United Res.
OTHER MATCHES.
Belfast: Cliftonville v. Sunderland.
Belfast: Cliftonville v. Newcastle United.
Bristol: Bristol City v. Hibernians.
Derby: Derby County v. Third Lanark.
Bradford: Bradford City v. Liverpool.

RUGBY.
Derwent: Derwent Albion v. Barbours.
Bristol: Bristol v. Leicester.
Swansea: Swansea v. London Welsh.
Bath: Bath v. Gloucester.
Bridgewater: Bridgewater v. Hartlepool Old Boys.
Ester: Ester v. Pontyfrid.
Newport: Newport v. Rockliff.
NORTHERN UNION.
Yorkshire v. Northumberland and Durham.
NORTHERN UNION CUP-Replayed Tie.
Bradford: Bradford v. Broughton Rangers.

ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND.
At Manchester yesterday the following team was chosen to represent England against Scotland at Glasgow on Saturday next-Baddeley (Wolverhampton Wanderers), goal; Crampin (Rovers), goalkeeper; Bloomer (Derby County), V. J. Woodward (Tottenham Hotspur), S. S. Harris (Cambridge University), and Blackburn (Blackburn Rovers) reserves.
Reserves: Crampin (Sheffield United) and Jones (Middlebrough).
Lineups: A. Davies (Manly).

HEALTH!
STRENGTH!
ENERGY!

DR. LALOR'S PHOSPHODYNE

For FORTY YEARS has maintained its World-Wide reputation as the ONLY SAFE RELIABLE PHOSPHORIC REMEDY.



The EFFECT of this Standard PHOSPHORIC TONIC in Nervous Debility and its kindred Evils is immediate and permanent, all the Miserable Feelings and Distressing symptoms disappearing with a rapidity that is Really Marvellous.

DR. LALOR'S PHOSPHODYNE

Actually creates New Nervous Fluid and Brain Matter by supplying the Blood with its Electric Life Element- PHOSPHORUS, the very Core and Centre of the Brain itself, restoring the fullest and most vigorous conditions of Robust Health of Body and Mind, and whilst Pleasant to the Taste, never fails to Purify and Enrich the Blood, and thoroughly invigorate the Brain, Nerves, and Muscles. Its energising effects are shown from the first day of its administration by a Remarkable Increase of Nerve and Intellectual Power, with a Feeling of Courage, Strength, and Comfort, to which the Patient has long been unaccustomed. Digestion is invigorated. The Appetite increases wonderfully. The Bowels become regular. Sleep becomes calm and refreshing. The Face becomes fuller, the Lips red, the Eyes brighter, the Skin clear and healthy, and the Hair acquires Strength, showing the importance of its action on the Organs of Nutrition.

DR. LALOR'S PHOSPHODYNE.

THOUSANDS of unimpeachable TESTIMONIALS from all parts of the World and from the highest Medical Authorities prove conclusively that, in the World of scientific research, no other Phosphoric Preparation has received such exalted praise and distinguished recognition.

Directions for the guidance of Patients for Self-Treatment are enclosed with each Bottle.

Be sure you ask for the Genuine DR. LALOR'S PHOSPHODYNE, of which, as your Chemist will tell you, all others are imitations.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT

DR. LALOR'S PHOSPHODYNE LABORATORY.
Hampstead, London, N.W.

20/11 LONDON'S SMARTEST SERGE SUITS

In the whole of London there is not another firm who will give you such value for money. OUR SPECIAL CARD of the newest season's patterns is now quite ready, containing over 60 of the most fashionable Suits now being worn, also the latest styles now prevailing among the smartest men in London. Before ordering from your local tailor send us a postcard, and we will forward you at once this magnificent range of Clothes and Illustrations post free. Even if you do not order with us, it will show you what is being worn, the latest styles, and the price you ought to pay. In our determination to make our firm the largest post order tailors in the three Kingdoms we are offering our well-known 20/11 Suits for 20/11 for a short time only. The patterns of these magnificent Suits will be included in the book we send you post free.

1,000 FREE SUITS.
YOU BUY NOTHING. YOU GUESS NOTHING. PARTICULARS POST FREE.
D. M. THOMPSON BROS., TAILORS, LTD.,
3, OXFORD-ST., W., & 84, BISHOPSGATE-ST. WITHOUT, E.C.



CHIVERS' FLAVOURED WITH RIPE FRUIT JUICES.
CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.
First English Fruit Growers' Jam Factory.

JEANES.

1,000 UMBRELLAS FREE.
Every customer purchasing a suit or overcoat from us, between April 6 and 13, will receive a beautiful silver mounted ladies' or gent's umbrella as a present, without any extra cost whatever.
2/6 SUITS OVERCOATS, BOYS' SUITS, LADIES' COSTUMES AND JACKETS.
For 2/6 and the remainder in instalments of 6d. 1/2, or how you like until 5/6 is paid, you can have a Gentlemen's Suit, Overcoat, Boy's Suit, or Lady's Costume. The balance to be paid at the rate of 1/6 weekly after receiving goods.
Our 28/11 Suits are the Best Value in the World.
NOW READY: OUR NEW PATTERN CARD, the Finest in the Country. Patterns post free, with illustrations, measure forms, etc.
D. M. URE & Co., The People's Tailors, 105, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

